

# The GRAPHIC



Twenty-Second Year---Oct. 3, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

## Charley Hastings' Sister's Strange Will How Jackson A. Graves Lost His Big Trout

### Johnson Mercilessly Diagnosed Knowland as a Political Incubus

Salvation Army Control Issue

Browsings: Samuel Rogers' Table Talk

George Wharton James' Book on  
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# THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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## KNOWLAND AS A POLITICAL INCUBUS

TOO bad, that in his campaign for election Captain John D. Fredericks is handicapped by the company of sly "Joey" R. Knowland, whose candidacy for the United States senate, if successful, will be a standing reproach to the state, besides a serious handicap at Washington, so long as the Wilson administration continues. If Captain Fredericks is polite, and as shrewd a campaigner as we believe him to be, he will make a determined effort to rid himself of the incubus of his political companion and gang his ain gait. Every time Knowland speaks from the same platform he advertises the folly of the party in naming him as its possible successor to Senator Perkins, hence to that extent weakens the captain's own candidacy.

What has Knowland done to recommend himself to the people at large as a fit person to receive the senatorial toga? Has he earned promotion? Does he deserve the support of the rank and file of the party? He is a standpatter whose affiliations have ever been with the privileged few to the detriment of the masses. He has so grossly insulted the President that for California to accord him senatorial honors is to invite the displeasure of the White House to the certain discomfiture of California's plans for recognition. As a business proposition a more reprehensible course could hardly be followed. As for the women voters of California his refusal to speak for the suffrage amendment of 1910, in his campaign of that year, should prove to them the insincerity of his friendship to their cause, which he now proclaims. He and Gov. Johnson are on a parity in that regard. They have none of the crusader spirit in their make-up; both are selfish opportunists.

Hon. James D. Phelan is by far the best man for California to send to the upper house for the next six years. He has the confidence of the President, who has warmly indorsed his candidacy, and his activities in the cause of good civics in his home city are an excellent recommendation for his seeking a national sphere. His conduct throughout the trying days of the San Francisco disaster of 1906 reflected the highest citizenship and the financial support he gave to the graft prosecution at a later date revealed his liberal patriotism. By a curious quirk of fate Heney, whom he so loyally supported in his efforts to convict the grafters, is now the nominee of the Progressive party for the same office to which Phelan aspires. If the latter is defeated

the cause of California will be better served by selecting Heney than by sending the impossible Knowland to the United States senate.

## McADOO JARS HOARDING BANKS

THERE is countrywide interest in the efforts of Secretary McAdoo to get after the banks that are hoarding money by maintaining excessive reserves and refusing to make loans for crop moving purposes. The able secretary of the treasury also jolts the bankers charging unreasonable rates of interest. By way of warning to those banks which have taken out additional currency and are refusing to use it, in spite of great demands for money, he has issued a notice to the effect that he will withdraw all government deposits from banks charging excessive rates of interest or which refuse reasonable accommodations, and will decline to issue emergency currency to banks which are not making use of it on reasonable terms for the benefit of the business community.

It is to be hoped this announcement will have the salutary effect desired. Reports of the national banks recently made to the comptroller of the currency indicate an extraordinary hoarding of money by many national banks in various sections of the country. Secretary McAdoo has noted this tendency and expresses his astonishment that so many of the banks are pursuing a course contrary to the public interest and so indefensible from any point of view. He tartly declares there is neither occasion nor necessity for it. He adds that he intends to begin issuing daily a list of the banks which are hoarding money by maintaining excessive reserves, in order that the country may know how they are performing their public duties.

We believe these official reflections on national banks do not apply to banks in Los Angeles, although it is true that many banks in Southern California are curtailing their loans. Not all, however; study of the recent reports of condition shows that the First National of this city, for example, increased its loans more than a million, in spite of slightly decreased deposits, as compared with the report of June 30. Decidedly Secretary McAdoo is to be commended for his determination to pillory the bank hoarders and extortioners. Let us have not only the names of the national banks in the south that have denied legitimate assistance to cotton producers, save at excessive interest rates, but of all the banks operating under the national banking act that are derelict. It might be well, too, for the state bank examiner of California to get after the state banks in like manner by issuing a bulletin of those that are hoarding money, or charging excessive rates.

## SALVATION ARMY CONTROL ISSUE

DOUBTLESS, the Salvation Army, in the aggregate, does untold good in its own way, among the lowly and down-and-outers of society, but even so, the necessity for supervision of its methods by a duly authorized municipal body is not to be questioned. In its efforts to accomplish this end the Municipal Charities Commission has taken care to explain that it neither seeks nor intends to interfere with the religious work of the Army. Its action in insisting upon conformance to its rules adopted for the guidance of organizations engaged in charitable work in Los Angeles is not to be con-

strued as an invidious attack upon the Salvationists. President Milbank Johnson has made it clear that the sole intent of the Charities Commission is to supervise the charitable, social and philanthropic activities under the control of the Army.

In denying the demurrer plea by the Salvation Army in the injunction proceedings to prevent the city from enforcing its ordinance providing criminal prosecution for those who solicit funds for charity, without a permit from the Charities Commission, Judge Wood held that as no property rights are menaced by the action taken the settled principle is that courts of equity will not interfere. On all other questions suggested but not properly before the court no opinion is expressed. The judge refrains from passing upon them until they are formally presented. Apparently, the Salvation Army's chief grievance is that having taken out a state charter it sees no reason why it should have to comply with the requirements of the Charities Commission, which are that all charitable and eleemosynary institutions within the city of Los Angeles must be governed by a local board of managers, directors, or trustees; second, that the title to all property must be vested in and under the control of that local board; and third, that the financial budget must be determined by that local board.

To the statement of the Army that it cannot submit to these regulations, holding that the state law is paramount and the commission's demand unreasonable, the latter insists that the interests of this city can be safeguarded only by citizens of this community who understand the city's needs and activities and who may give free expression to their views of our needs. Foreign control, it is maintained, cannot develop local possibilities. It is because the Army declines to accede to the requirements which nearly fifty other charitable institutions have accepted that the Charities Commission has refused the official indorsement. Inasmuch as the Army has continued its solicitations in defiance of the ordinance, arrests have followed and several cases are now before the court. Appeal will probably be taken in the event of a verdict against the Army, which will leave the main question unsettled. It is to be hoped that no vexatious delays will ensue to defer adjudication of the matters involved. For the sake of the principle sought to be maintained by the Charities Commission and to establish the status of the Army in Los Angeles, a speedy decision in the highest court is desirable.

## JOHNSON MERCILESSLY DIAGNOSED

EVERYBODY'S Magazine for October holds particular interest for Californians in that it gives space to an article by George Creel, a writer of progressive tendencies, estimating the personality and worth of Hiram Johnson, governor of the state and a candidate for reelection. Incidentally, the governor is known to harbor higher political aspirations. Should his campaign for a second term prove disappointing to him, it will probably put a quietus on his presidential ambitions. Mr. Creel briefly refers to this phase of the political situation in California and then rapidly outlines the reform legislation enacted in the state since 1910, with its many good and a few questionable features. He next considers the claim of Hiram W. John-



son that, to his constructive statesmanship, all the various reforms accomplished are to be attributed. Is it a justifiable assertion?

Turning again to the Johnson aspiration to the Progressive presidential nomination Mr. Creel skilfully reviews the conditions that have resulted in the forced elimination of La Follette and the flirtatious attitude of Mr. Roosevelt toward the Republican party, with the Progressive party as a pawn in the game. The deduction is that Hiram Johnson, foreseeing a revolt within the ranks, argues that he is the logical legatee of the Progressive hopes. The question, then, is what about his fitness, based on his claims in regard to California? This is the crux of the Creel article. After examining all the testimony the conclusions are that Johnson's alleged leadership of the forward movement in California has no base in service or devotion. It was Dr. John R. Haynes, for example, who so far back as 1902, wrote the initiative, referendum and recall into the Los Angeles city charter, and long before the north had dared to protest Marshall Stimson, Meyer Lissner, Russ Avery and others had stirred Southern California to revolt. In 1906 Heney and the graft prosecution aroused San Francisco and by 1908 the rebels were strong enough to control one-third of a Republican convention and wring a direct primary law from a reactionary legislature. Comments Creel:

These were the days when the battle was really fought and won; yet throughout the years when men risked political lives and business futures in the dogged assault on entrenched corruption, one looks in vain for mention of Hiram W. Johnson's name. The dark times of struggle, martyrdom, and suffering know him not. Nor does research develop that his final inclusion in the forward movement was due to any intense conviction or passion of protest.

Johnson's reform career developed incidentally. He had assisted District Attorney Langdon of San Francisco in a case and when Heney asked for a local lawyer to prepare papers in the graft prosecution Johnson was called upon. For his services in the first Schmitz trial he rendered a bill for \$15,000, "a proceeding," declares Creel, "that came as a shock to Spreckels and Phelan, who were paying all expenses out of public spirit, and to Heney, who was donating his aid. As a compromise, Spreckels flung Johnson \$10,000 and intimated that he was too much of a luxury for retention." But the revolver shot that nearly cost Heney his life, recalled Johnson from obscurity and his successful prosecution of Ruef brought him into the limelight. To quote Creel:

Francis J. Heney was the man the radicals wanted for governor; but he was too weak from his wound to make the race, and suggested Johnson as one who filled the twin requirements of being a "good talker" and having been connected with the graft prosecution. Nothing so definitely sets Johnson apart from those whose vision leaps mountains, and whose faith feeds on sacrifice, as the fact that it took terrific pressure to gain his consent. He didn't think there was any chance to win, there was more money in the law, he wasn't interested in politics, etc., etc., and even when he did enter the race, it was with an effect of peevish martyrdom.

Possibly, because he had at one time served the railroad that so long had dictated the politics of Southern California, Johnson was shrewd enough to concentrate his attack on the Southern Pacific. It was the great wave of revolt that swept him into office, however, and in the law-making body that accompanied him "every mother's son of them clutched some favorite bill in his wild right hand." Almost three thousand bills were introduced in the 1911 session, while 5,922 went through the legislative hoppers in 1913. In the closing days seventy-one bills were passed in seventy minutes. Says Creel:

Through it all, Hiram Johnson is seen alternating hobnails with rubber heels. That which was inevitable received his leonine approval, and that which was debatable found him afflicted with lockjaw. As a consequence, he was not em-

barrassed by defeats nor yet debarred from taking full credit for victory—the oldest and safest political trick in the world. True to type, he hated equal suffrage, and because divided public sentiment made it safe for him to do so, he spoke no word for it to the legislature nor mentioned it in a single speech when the amendment went to the people.

According to Creel, Progressivist, "It is across a record of achievement compiled almost entirely by others that Johnson has scrawled his fulsome biography, 'How I saved California' . . . That he has utterly failed to give proper public credit, extend appreciation, or withhold self-laudation, is an even harsher indictment against Hiram W. Johnson than his failure to cast his fortunes with the forward movement in the days when it seemed a forlorn hope." Creel strikes the bullseye when he asseverates that behind every action taken by Johnson "an indomitable selfishness is seen lying in cold coils." This is what has caused him to play so scurvy a trick on Heney whom he insulted in the 1910 campaign and whose candidacy for the Progressive nomination for United States senator he discouraged. He is a cold-blooded opportunist, the builder up of a political machine. He has split the party by reason of his arrogance and has made of the wonderful forward movement "an airtight corporation for his own selfish ends." It is a true bill.

#### MORE LIGHT ON AMENDMENTS

ENCOURAGING to the proponents of direct legislation must be the earnest effort of civic bodies up and down the state to form intelligent opinions in regard to the many constitutional amendments and propositions that must be settled by a vote of the people next November. Heaven knows that light on the many complex questions is sadly needed and how better to gain such than by open discussion and debate? Believing that whatever of pertinent suggestion may be vouchsafed will be welcomed by all those honestly desirous of voting in the best interests of the commonwealth we have taken pains to consider the amendments in their entirety, particularizing those which seem fraught with danger to the people, such as the proposed city and county consolidation measure, whose menacing aspects we have fully discussed in these columns.

One amendment that appeals to us as deserving the hearty support of the public is number 15, exempting certain property of colleges and universities from taxation. We have heretofore commented briefly on the advisability of ratifying the measure in the interests of liberal education. It should be remembered that no other state in the union imposes such a tax and California should be reluctant to prove the invidious exception. While the sum collected last year from this source was less than \$21,000, even that is a heavy burden to impose on educational institutions having the slender financial resources of the average college. The amendment is carefully drawn, so that, for instance, any campus greater than one hundred acres may be taxed on the excess, which insures the taxing of land purporting to be campus, but really held for speculative purposes. It is well to remember that the various colleges of the state are performing a service of the highest importance, at a cost far in excess of the amount derived from taxation. The amendment should be ratified by an overwhelming vote.

In considering the fourth proposition on the list, known as the "abatement of nuisances" measure, in which the intent of the legislature was to transfer the onus of illicit maintenance from the tenants of property to the owners, mulcting the latter for violation, we have previously stated that it is in the interests of good morals. But a legal friend has pointed out that owing to the peculiar verbiage of the amendment great injus-

tice may ensue to innocent persons if the amendment is ratified. It is provided, for example, that if "any lewd act" is committed on the premises the extreme penalty will be visited on the owner of the offending building. Clearly, a "lewd act" may be performed in any high-class building, under the wording of the proposed law and on information the premises may be closed for a year in consequence, however innocent the owner. Certainly, the amendment is too drastic, too carelessly phrased to be otherwise than a menace and although it is well-intentioned it may prove to work far-reaching injustice to owners of buildings in nowise diverted to immoral practices.

#### POETRY IN THE SENATE

CHARGED with filibustering on a pension bill Senator John Williams of Mississippi denied the soft impeachment retorting that he was merely "weakly and remotely reminding the senate of a recent 'patriotic stand' against those of different views which the enemies of the movement, not he, 'designated' as a filibuster." He added, "A man sent me this morning a little piece of poetry that I think I will take the liberty of reading. I see my friend the senator from Iowa smiling, because this was submitted by me to him this morning and, as I understood, met with approbation." This is the poem in question:

We once thought it brilliant honor to be seated  
in our senate,  
And have envied all the men it  
Used to hold;  
But, when they filibuster, poor honor's lost her  
luster,  
While the business of the nation grows so cold,  
That, to re-sus-citate it, when they insistently  
belate it,  
Is a feat would test the prowess of the bravest  
knight of old!

Why not keep the senate seated, till they grow  
so overheated;  
They may not know their craniums from their  
heels,  
But will know how it feels,  
To be obstructing legislation, 'gainst the interests  
of the nation—  
A job-lot school of quacking, talking teals?

Far be from us to intimate that this brilliant effort emanated from the versatile mind of the senator from Mississippi, who recited it with so much eclat. Let others—his colleagues—insinuate to that effect; we simply form part of an admiring audience. Senator Williams becomingly apologized to the presiding officer for the rhyming of "senate" with "men it;" he disclaimed responsibility for the innovation, laying it on the "author." He cautioned his associates that the second stanza requires a more strenuous modulation, in order to make a pretense of keeping its feet, than that of the first. He also assured the senators that he disapproved the final line, but the poet, he supposed, had put it in to make a rhyme. Personally, he was the last man that would consider the senator from Ohio (Mr. Burton) or the senator from Iowa (Mr. Kenyon) as a "quackling, talking teal." As for the remainder of the poem, he declined to read it because he did not approve it, but he offered to let Senator Kenyon read it in private. The country, meanwhile, feels as if it had been defrauded of its just dues. We call upon Senator Williams to complete the poem for insertion in that compendium of the wit and humor of congress, the Congressional Record.

#### KAISER WILHELM AND RICHARD II

DOUBTLESS, the German kaiser is well acquainted with the writings of Shakespeare, for in no other country outside of England has the great dramatist been so appreciated and honored as in Germany. Hence, it is safe to say that Emperor William has many times read King Richard II and especially the third act of

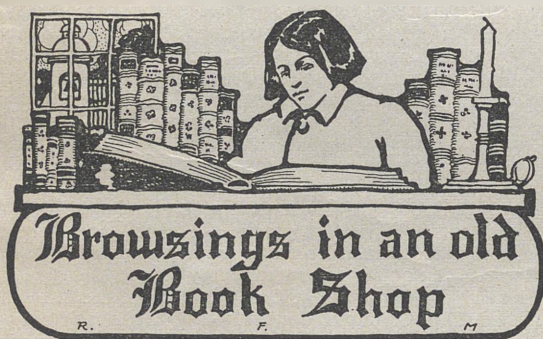


that historical tragedy, wherein King Richard replies to Aumerle, son of the Duke of York, as follows:

Of comfort no more speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping

killed,  
All murdered;—for within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, he feared, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!  
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while.  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Not yet has the kaiser arrived at the stage so graphically portrayed by Richard's despairing words. But who shall say that the unhappy fate which overtook Richard of Bordeaux may not be the German emperor's lot if the allies triumph in the remorseless contest now being waged? His, perhaps, the lot to taste grief and to need friends. To find his castle wall bored through—and, farewell king!



NOBODY, except chance browsers like myself, reads Samuel Rogers' poetry these prosaic days and yet the banker-poet's "Pleasures of Memory" had passed through fifteen editions before 1806. Born at Stoke Newington in 1763, at thirty, on the death of his father, he became head of the bank and was able to cultivate his favorite tastes without restriction. His purse was always open to distressed men of letters and his home, enriched with rare works of art, was the resort of the finest literary minds of the age. Generous without ostentation, Rogers was sincerely admired for his good tastes, his shrewd observations, pungent criticism and personal anecdote. It was Alexander Dyce's "Recollections of the Table Talk" of Samuel Rogers that attracted me at the Old Book Shop this week, and included in it is "Porsoniana," sidelights on the remarkable Greek scholar, Richard Porson, of whom Rogers wrote: "When Porson dined with me, I used to keep him within bounds; but I frequently met him at various houses where he got completely drunk. He would not scruple to return to the dining room, after the guests had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses and drink off the omnium gatherum. Horne Tooke used to say that "Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all." Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman, after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, who was ill. A servant entered the room looking for a bottle of embrocation, which was on the mantel-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," admitted Porson. Just one more example: Hoppner, the painter, was living in the country when Porson,

one day, unexpectedly arrived. There was nothing to drink in sight. Porson suggested that Mrs. Hoppner had a private bottle in her own bedroom. His host denied the impeachment; Porson insisted that a search be made and to the husband's surprise a bottle was discovered which Porson declared was the best gin he had tasted in months. Next day, Hoppner rather touchily informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed rum. "My God," she exclaimed, "it was spirits of wine for the lamp."

But it is of Samuel Rogers' personality not of Porson's that I prefer to treat, for great a scholar as the latter was his swinish proclivities render him a most unpleasant subject to dwell upon. He should have been named Porcine. However, Rogers, kindly man that he was, overlooked the eccentricities in Porson's manners for the sake of his classical knowledge. His purse was ever open to genius languishing for want of patronage. Dyce tells us that the taste of Rogers had been cultivated to the utmost refinement; his love of the beautiful amounted to a passion. When more than ninety, and a prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colors of the evening sky, to repeat passages of his favorite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls. He died December 18, 1855. Dyce explains that from his first introduction to Rogers he was in the habit of writing down, in all their minutiae, the stories and anecdotes with which his conversation abounded. In this way the editor of the table-talk gradually accumulated a mass of memoranda, a selection from which is contained in his fascinating little volume before me. Rogers and Sir Joshua Reynolds were good friends. The banker-poet was the purchaser of the painter's celebrated "Puck, or Robin Goodfellow," for which he paid £215. It is hard to believe that Sir Joshua was guilty of a deliberate act of meanness, such as this incident reveals: A friend told Rogers that happening to pass the painter's house in Lancaster Square he saw a poor girl on the steps crying bitterly. Accosting her she replied that the shilling paid by Sir Joshua for sitting to him as a model proved to be a counterfeit, and he would not give her another.

I was greatly interested in the anecdote told by Rogers of George Pitt (Lord Rivers) who declared he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. A mastiff, the terror of the neighborhood, was to be the test. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the chained beast and stared him sternly in the face. At a signal he was released and dashed toward Pitt who never relaxed his gaze. The animal, almost at his goal, appeared disconcerted, suddenly diverted his course and ran away. Rogers remembered this experience and when in Italy, chancing to be set upon by two huge dogs, dropped to his knees and although terribly scared had resolution enough to eye them so steadily that they, too, decamped. This recalls the statement of George Borrow, in "The Bible in Spain," where he asserts that the fiercest of dogs may be cowed in this manner. I have tried it myself on two occasions with beneficent results.

Alas, Rogers says it is inexcusable in anyone to write illegibly. He tells of the despair of the sisters of the great Lord Clive who having sent their brother in India several handsome presents received word that he had shipped them an elephant. What to do with the animal was the problem until it turned out that the word was "equivalent." This anecdote reminds Rogers of a story on the famous Dr. Samuel Parr, who wrote to a fellow Cambridge man that he would sup with him that night and to have two eggs ready. They were duly served, much to the doctor's disgust. He had written "lobsters." I am constantly having trouble because of the inability of my friends to decipher my irreproachable caligraphy. It cost me several dollars the other day because my correspondent failed to bring his machine in order to ride out into the country. We had to go that day. He deciphered "meet me," but balked at the remainder.

I notice that Rogers agrees with my view of the Adventurer, edited by Dr. Hawkesworth. He says it is poor stuff. That also was my conclusion. My friend, Carroll Allen, who has been reveling of late in reminiscences of Samuel Foote, the celebrated English comedian, will be further entertained by this story of him which Rogers tells: Foote was once talking away at a party, when a gentleman said to him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half-out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," responded Foote, "you know the company better than I do." My Methodist readers will be interested in what Rogers says of John Wesley. He was walking

home from his father's bank one day when he saw a great crowd of people streaming into a chapel in the City Road. He followed them and saw, laid out upon a table, the dead body of a clergyman in full canonicals. "It was," says Rogers, "the corpse of John Wesley, and the crowd moved slowly and silently round and round the table, to take a last look at that most venerable man."

Here is a facer that Rogers tells who had it almost direct from the source: "The Duchess of Gordon's daughter and the son of Lord Cornwallis were in love, but Cornwallis objected to the match because of the reported madness in the Gordon family. This obstacle the Duchess set herself to remove and obtaining the private ear of Cornwallis, assured him there was not a drop of the Gordon blood in her daughter, Louisa's, body. With this statement Cornwallis was entirely satisfied and the marriage took place." I wonder how her daughter's descendants enjoy reading this slur upon their ancestor's paternity? There is a touch of the caustic that crops up throughout the table talk as well as a rich spice of sarcasm. This one is on Lord Ellenborough, the noted English jurist. Riding to circuit, his wife pleaded to accompany him; he gave consent, providing she did not encumber the carriage with band boxes, which were his abhorrence. On the journey the judge, stretching his legs, came in contact with a handbox, whereupon he picked it up and tossed it out of the coach window. The footman saw it drop, called to the coachman to stop and recovered the box, when the irate judge pitched it out again and sternly ordered the coachman to proceed. Arrived at the county seat, Lord Ellenborough prepared to array himself for the court house. He called for his wig. "Where is it?" he demanded. "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

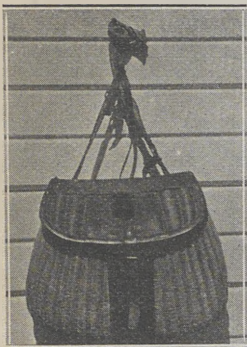
Lord Byron was a constant visitor at the Rogers' town house, where he first met Tom Moore and the poet, Campbell. It was his initial dinner there and Byron posed continuously. Would he take soup? No; he never took soup. Fish? No; he never tasted fish. Mutton? No; he never ate mutton. Glass of wine? No; he never drank wine. What, then, would my lord take? "Hard biscuits and soda water." There were none at hand. So in lieu of that diet he dined upon potatoes bruised on his plate and drenched with vinegar. Rogers learned later that Byron ate a hearty supper afterward at his club. In other days, however, he did full justice to the Rogers' cuisine. After Byron became the rage Rogers was besought by people of fashion to bring the poet to their houses. "Byron," says Rogers, "had prodigious facility of composition. After going home from a late supper at my house, he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning." Women of rank shadowed him constantly and made persistent love to him. Perhaps, Moore was right in burning Byron's memoirs, but Rogers protests it was a literary crime. He had read portions of the manuscript and recalls this one: "On his marriage night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed. He could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he awakened Lady B., "Good God, I am surely in hell!" When Byron's natural daughter, Allegra, was born he left instructions in his will that she should never be taught the English language. Yet when she died her body was sent to Harrow for interment, but in two packages, asserts Rogers, that no one might suspect what it was.

Here is a flashlight on the changes in pronunciation that are a fad of fashion. In Rogers' youth, everybody said "Lonnon," not London. Fox said, "Lonnon" to the last. Observes Rogers: "The now fashionable pronunciation of several words is to me very offensive. "Contemplate" (accent on first syllable) is bad enough; but "balcony" (accent on the "o") makes me sick." I should say so. He gives us a charade and thinks it not half bad: "What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? A draft." These selections combine to give an insight into Rogers' daily life, his character, his charm and his taste for literature and for literary society. I am glad to have had this look-in on him by way of Dyce, who was a splendid critic—an Edinburgh man, educated at Oxford. I have Rogers' long poem "Italy," in a handsome first edition—it cost him a big sum for its beautiful engravings—and his "Pleasures of Memory" has long been in the poetry section of my library. Dyce's Table-Talk now goes to keep them company.

S. T. C.



# How My Big Trout Got Away---By Jackson A. Graves



**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago, the stream in the San Antonio canon in San Bernardino county was the best trout stream in Southern California. It was better than the San Gabriel because it was smaller and easier of access. The San Gabriel had so many miles of running water that the trout migrated from one portion of the stream to another, and it was frequently difficult to locate them. In

the San Antonio all of the fishing was done on five or six miles of the stream. The canon in places was quite brushy, and casting was out of the question. Often, one would have to use a very short line and let the fly drift with the current, but the trout were so thick and so undisturbed that they readily took a fly coming to them even in so inartistic a manner.

One summer, so many years ago that I hate to think about it—when I was young in body and in spirit, when the idea of old age or decrepitude on my part had never presented itself to me, when I thought nothing of hiking up a steep mountain trail eight or ten miles and back again—I was camping with my wife in the canon. We were pleasantly situated not far from where the power house subsequently built by the San Antonio Power Company stands. One morning I started out up stream, with the creel, a picture of which accompanies this article, at my side, and a trout rod in my hand, on a fishing expedition. I climbed up over the hog's back—an abrupt ascent around which the stream ran in a deep canon, impassable by man or beast. I followed the trail past the site of Mr. William G. Kerckhoff's present mountain home, on beyond the site Camp Baldy, and up to Ice House canon, a mile or so beyond.

This canon was so called by reason of the fact (so the story ran) that prospectors were sinking a shaft in the middle of the canon which comes in from the right as you ascend San Antonio canon, endeavoring to reach bed rock with the intention of drifting on the latter for pay gravel. At a depth of about fifty feet their shaft ran into solid ice. They continued the shaft fifteen or twenty feet in this ice, and then not liking the temperature of the shaft, abandoned the work. At the time of my trip up the canon this shaft had entirely disappeared. It had been filled up by winter floods. Tom Carson, an aged prospector, who frequented that locality, told me he had seen the shaft while it was being sunk and had seen the ice that had come out of it, and that very large blocks of ice were brought to Los Angeles as a curiosity. A man named Dexter, who had a ranch near the mouth of the canon told me he had also seen ice taken from the shaft.

Whether the story is true or false I do know that near an old cabin, at the mouth of Ice House canon, a spring or stream of water, about a foot in diameter, burst out of the ground, which was so cold you could only sip it. You could not drink a cup of water from this spring without sipping it. It was certainly cold enough to have come off the solid ice. Near Ice House canon the main stream turned a little to the left, and ran over a sun-baked boulder strewn flat for some distance. This flat was evidently annually torn up by winter floods. The stream had frequently changed its course over the flat. That season it ran in a small depression among the boulders. I kept to a path along one of its banks, and as I crossed the flat I saw in the bottom of the depression where the stream ran an immense hole, some ten feet in diameter, and probably as deep. The water flowed into it from above, and out of it on its lower side. The flat I speak of terminated at the foot of a mountain, where in those days the trail for the trip up Old Baldy again. I remember that an immense elm tree stood near where the trail began its ascent. Under the elm was a beautiful pool of water, out of which I took in a short time four trout from ten to twelve inches long. I then started to fish down stream, casting my fly into all of the likely looking small pools or

riffles, and I soon got two more good sized fish.

Just as I made the hole I spoke of as being in the bottom of the creek bed, I saw an enormous trout, almost on his side near the top of the water, apparently sunning himself. He saw me just about the same instant I saw him, and dove to the bottom of the pool. There was a stunted sage brush on one side of the pool, the only growing thing anywhere near it. I crept up behind it, and as much in its cover as I could get, and began to cast over the pool. I dropped my fly into every nook and corner of it, but never got a raise. Then I backed off and changed my fly, and tried it again. For fully an hour I stood in the broiling sun, and used all my skill to lure that trout from his hiding place. It was one of those really hot mornings that one gets sometimes even in high altitudes. I actually suffered from the heat. I concluded to go away for half an hour and give the trout a rest. I moved off from the stream, looking at my watch, determined to give that trout fully thirty minutes to get into motion again, and I sat down on a boulder in the sun, there being no shade anywhere in sight, and waited patiently.

While sitting there several big, yellow grasshoppers flew by. I made after them, watching them alight, and killed two of them with my hat. These I put on my fly hook, and when my half hour was up I crept back to the pool and played them all over the surface, but without success. Then I let them sink slowly into the pool, and to my delight I saw the trout come up towards them. He looked twice as big as he did when I first saw him. He swam slowly to my grasshoppers, and contemptuously poked them to one side with his nose, swimming around and coming back, and frequently repeating the trick. After a time he sunk out of sight again. Fully another hour I worked on that pool. I let the hook sink still lower, and once or twice I thought I felt a nibble, but a strike on my part failed to land the hook. I was wild with excitement and disappointment. Finally, I drew off, determined to give Mr. Trout another half hour's rest.

I got fresh grasshoppers, went back to my boulder, and sat down and waited. While sitting there I saw a kangaroo rat cross the path in front of me and disappear in a hole in an old log not far away. I went over to the log, gave the knot under which the hole was located a vigorous kick, knocking it off, and disclosing the rat's nest with a few little rats, each about the size of a mouse in it. I captured two of them and got bit in doing so. I tied one of them up in my handkerchief. I took off my fly hook, and put in its place a bait hook. This I inserted through the skin on the back of the neck of the other little rat, in such a way as not to kill it. Again I crept back to my pool. I hung that rat just above the water, so that his hind feet and tail touched it. These he wiggled, making just such a motion as a live bee dropped into the water makes. Instantly, there was a mighty swish, and the trout gobbled him. I struck at the same time, sinking the hook home fast. My, but I was excited! "Would I land him?" I asked myself. "Would he break something?" My rod was a light one. He not intended for such game, and my line had seen long service.

Fortunately, my leader was a new one, and the hook a strong one. 'Round and 'round that pool went the trout; then up into the air; then down to the bottom, then around the edges of the pool, dangerously near to jagged rocks that projected into it. The pool was too small for him to make such a fight as would have delighted a fisherman on more extensive ground, but he was doing very well. I thank you, considering his opportunities. He went to the bottom and sulked. I pulled him gently this way and that, and after a time he came to the surface with a bound and leaped into the air, I reeling in as fast as I could to keep the line taut. Up he rushed, and down he went, first into the air, and then down to the bottom of the pool. On one of his downward trips, I held him a little too tight, and the tip of my rod broke at about its center, rendering the rod useless. I got hold of the line with my left hand and ran off a few feet of line, bit it in two pieces with my teeth, and threw the rod from me.

I now played him Indian fashion, hauling him hand over hand as he came up, and playing out

as he went down. In one of these rushes he ran under a projecting rock, some three feet from the surface and was hidden from me. I was afraid to pull him out, thinking I might cut the line on some sharp ledge. I reached my rod, took off the reel, and running the but end of it down along the line, I brought him away from the ledge and again got the fish into the open water, when we began the battle over again. At last he tired and gave up the fight. Slowly I led him into shallow water on a flat rock overhanging the edge of the pool, and then yanked him out on to the land. Oh, wasn't he a beauty! Fully twenty-four inches long, and broad in proportion. I put my left thumb under his gills, gripping him around the throat, removed the hook from his mouth, and took him on to dry land. He struggled hard to get away, and cut my thumb until the blood ran.

My creel was on my left side. I stuck his nose into the slot in its lid, and lo, and behold! he wouldn't begin to go into the slot. I have just measured that slot and it is three and one-half inches long and two inches wide. I reached down with my right hand and unbuckled the strap that holds the lid down, and put my trout into the basket. His nose came out under the lid on one side, and his caudal fin protruded from under the lid on the other side. Can any mortal man tell me why I didn't kill that fish, or why I didn't again buckle down the lid? My heart beat with excitement. I was cooked by the heat, I was thirsty to desperation. During all of my two or three hours' struggle to hook and land that trout I hadn't taken a drink of water. I now took off the creel and went to the stream, slaked my thirst and bathed my hands and face in its cooling waters. I then put my rod together, making the best loop I could at the end of the second joint, the tip having been destroyed, put on my creel again and started down stream, and even yet I was idiotic enough not to buckle down the rod.

About three hundred yards away the stream was fringed with willows and alders. In these I cast into a good sized pool and hooked another twelve inch trout. I was on the right hand side of the stream. I squatted down near the edge of the water to avoid an overhanging willow, and was trying to land my last catch. This position brought my creel, which was on my left side, immediately over the water. Just as I got my hand on the trout at the end of my line, I heard a mighty struggle in the creel, and immediately afterward there was a "kerplunk!" and looking around I saw my big trout disappearing in the water. He had kicked up the lid and jumped out. How could I have been so idiotic as not to have buckled down the lid? I have fished with that creel at my side on the McCloud River, along the upper reaches of the Sacramento river, in the big meadows of Plumas County, at Lake Tahoe, for miles and miles along the Kern River and on the latter on one occasion I had in it four fish taken in about thirty minutes, whose combined weight was sixteen pounds, but never has it been my good fortune to catch so large or so beautiful a trout as the one that got away from me that morning in San Antonio canon.

## GRAPHITES

**B**USINESSMEN complain of the inefficiency, if not absolute uselessness, of the high school graduate; and the blame is laid on the schools. Is not the home equally at fault? Father wants the boy to enjoy life while he can, wants to make son's life easier than his own was. Where is the lad to get any idea of responsibility? Mother is afraid son will get hurt. Don't climb that tree, don't run so fast, don't play so hard. Don't do this, mustn't do that, until the boy has no initiative left. Work is needed around the house. Father can do it better, or it is less trouble to do it oneself is the reason son is not called upon. No wonder he is useless. And this is possibly the least objectionable form of "home training for inefficiency."

It is worth noting that the projecting upper teeth and thick lips, so common among Japanese laborers, are not characteristic of the race, but are the result of adenoids.

Is business picking up?—Yes, if you pick it up.



# By the Way



## Lizzie Hastings Holmes' Will

When Charley Hastings left Los Angeles last March to go to London to be with his sister who was ill, he expressed much concern for her condition and in nowise betrayed the fact that brother and sister were at cross purposes. The latter died in London, June 20, and a copy of her will has recently been filed for probate in the surrogate's office in New York. Under the provisions the husband of the decedent, Leicester Holme, and her brother Charles, are cut off without a cent of the estate. The will directs that the estate, which is a large one, shall go to aunts, cousins, servants and friends. There are several bequests of \$100,000 and quite a number of \$10,000 each. Four or five servants will receive \$5,000 each, while one, Helen Knudsen, will get \$20,000. Mrs. Holme remembers in the will also the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the New York Foundling Hospital, the Five Points House of Industry and the City Hospital of Los Angeles. In the last named institution is to be endowed a bed to be known as the Lizzie Hastings' bed. Ten thousand dollars will go for this purpose.

## Charley Hastings Denied Participation

In view of the fact that Charley was sincerely affected by his sister's illness—I saw copies of several cablegrams that he sent and received on the subject—the subjoined paragraph of his sister's will is the more surprising. It reads: "I have made the above disposition of my property, conscious of the fact that I have a living husband and also other relatives for whom I have made no provision in this my last will and testament, and it is my expressed determination that they shall not have any share or benefit under this my last will and testament, and shall not in any manner share in my estate." Of course, Charley does not need any bequest, he is wealthy in his own right, but the tenor of the wording denotes feeling hitherto unsuspected. But what of the City Hospital of Los Angeles? We have no such institution. There is, of course, the County Hospital. Possibly that is what is meant, but it is doubtful.

## Founder of the Hastings' Wealth

Old-timers here well remember Charles C. Hastings, the father of Lizzie Hastings Holme and Charley Hastings. He was a pioneer merchant of San Francisco and although he never lived in Los Angeles he paid frequent visits to Southern California and had property interests here. The big ranch at Sierra Madre, now owned by Charley Hastings, was one of his early purchases. Jackson A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, well remembers the elder Hastings when he was the head of the clothing firm of C. C. Hastings & Co., whose store was in the Lick House building. In the early 60's the firm was known as Hueston, Hastings & Co.; later, Hueston retired. As a lad Jackson Graves bought his first suit of clothes at the Hastings store, piloted thither by the father of Seth Mann, who was interested in the business. While the clothing house yielded large profits the big estate that Mr. Hastings left to his son and daughter was in the main derived from his shrewd investments in California realty, both in San Francisco and Southern California. Charley Hastings is a wealthy bachelor and his sister, realizing that he was well provided for, elected to divide her estate among those in greater need of assistance. She left no children and had long been separated from her husband who lives in New York.

## Midwick's Season Begins

Midwick Country Club opens up its season today, the first Saturday of October, with considerable snap. Golf—match play under handicap against bogey; mixed doubles tennis tournament; polo practice; all topped off with the informal club dinner dance so popular last season.

To my mind the essence of club feeling is the idea expressed by John B. Miller, president of Midwick, in calling the weekly Saturday night affairs "come-as-you-please dinner dances." Why a country club, if not for freedom from convention?

## Louis Spruance Joins the Majority

Hanging in my office is a group photograph of forty or fifty amateur "newspapermen," taken in 1878 in Chicago, at a national convention of the National Amateur Press Association. One of the delegates in the picture is Louis J. C. Spruance, a round-face, chubby figure who, thirty-five years ago, edited an amateur paper, like myself. We were warm friends. I used to know his father, Harmon D. Spruance, a prominent member of the Chicago board of trade back in the '70's. He died in the '80's, and Louis went to Kansas City, later coming to the coast, where he formed the Spruance Fruit Company. Louis' health failed about two years ago and he returned to Chicago. For a time he was better, but the old trouble recurred last April and Monday word came of his death at his sister's home in Chicago. He leaves a wife and a young son, his namesake. I walked over to the wall where the group photograph hangs and counted fourteen of those depicted whose earthly accounts have been closed. One of the number was the erratic Clarence P. Dresser, whose interview with the elder Vanderbilt was productive of that famous expression "The public be damned," which so long put the corporations in bad odor with the people. Sitting next to me is Clem Chase of the Omaha Excelsior, who married a Los Angeles girl, I believe, and occasionally gets out this way. George Hancock, formerly secretary of the Pacific Athletic Club is another of the group. I well remember the amateur paper he used to print in the '70's. His father, old Colonel John L. Hancock, was a fine looking southern gentleman, a direct descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. George's sister, Mrs. Frank G. Logan of Chicago, is one of the most charming women I ever met, as her husband is one of the most hospitable and public-spirited.

## Mrs. Leslie and the Wilde Episode

Announcement of the death of Mrs. Frank Leslie in New York, a few days ago, brings to mind the fact that after the death of Frank Leslie in 1880 the widow married Oscar Wilde's brother, Willie. She subsequently divorced him and still later married again, apparently to her happiness. Oscar Wilde took to wife, in 1884, Miss Constance Lloyd, a beautiful Dublin heiress. After they had been married eleven years and had two charming sons Mrs. Leslie visited their home in London, which she found to be "a marvel of well-ordered appointment and elegant taste. Oscar Wilde's boys are Vivian and Clarence. They are splendid fellows. Mr. Wilde would never have a tutor in the house or in fact a male servant of any kind. It is noticeable that at all his great dinners Mrs. Wilde's guests are always served by women waiters." Oscar Wilde was sentenced to jail May 25, 1895. His brother, Willie, and their talented mother, Lady Wilde, died of shame and sorrow during his incarceration. His beautiful wife, who had been separated from him, is reputed to have died in 1898, one year after his discharge from prison. In 1900 Oscar Wilde died in Paris, in the direst poverty, where he had passed three years under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, in which time he lived a miserable existence. Four persons followed his body to the cemetery.

## Dick Ferris Shakes the Dust

Dick Ferris, who just returned to Los Angeles a short time ago from Minneapolis, dropped in this week to announce that he is about to shake the dust of Los Angeles from his sandals, and, from the tenor of his remarks, I would not be surprised if this is his final farewell to the Angel City. Dick says that conditions here are not satisfactory, and that as Mrs. Ferris has excellent theatrical openings necessitating going east soon, he will make Minneapolis his stamping ground again.

## Grove Plays Not Discontinued

I am glad to learn from Douglas White, one of the local contingent of the Bohemian Club, and one in whom the legends and romance of that organization are deeply implanted, that there is no intention of discontinuing the celebrated grove plays. Continues Douglas: "Not only are they not ended, but they will not pass until the spirit of Bohemia has been buried beneath the dust of years. I am, of course, not speaking offi-

cially, but from a knowledge of the personnel of this wonderful organization, the parallel of which exists nowhere else in the world. Incidentally, let me state that the grove play for 1915 is now well under way and being developed in the brain of one of Bohemia's most talented sons, Frank Pixley. As a real Bohemian in the broadest sense, let me thank you for the sorrow and regret which you express at the possible passing of Bohemia's woodland function, and allow this communication to renew to you the assurance that the grove play, instead of retrograding or passing into history, will become more beautiful, more brilliant and its music more tuneful in every one of the passing years. May you and I live long many times to drink in the magnificence of this annual feast held under the sanction of the 'Great White Owl.'" Good for Douglas.

## Willis Emerson's New Book

According to Edmund Mitchell, president of the Celtic Club and an author of distinction and wide experience, Willis George Emerson's new novel "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," soon to issue from the press of Forbes & Company, is of absorbing interest. From the quest of a lost mine the plot revolves around a love story of intense human interest in which the author has drawn strongly contrasting characters. San Francisco's earthquake experience is vividly depicted and, incidentally, the shady financial transactions of a group of eastern capitalists are revealed. It is a story of the west told by a westerner whose previous novels, "Buell Hampton," "The Smoky God," and "The Builders," prove Mr. Emerson's capability to write a stirring story. I well remember Willis Emerson's first book, which appeared when he was connected with the old Chicago Herald, and now that he is a resident of Los Angeles all of his literary wares naturally have unusual attraction for me. Primarily, Mr. Emerson is a dealer in municipal securities. Writing is his diversion.

## Here's a Sign of Talent

"For goodness' sake, I wish the newspapers would let up saying how good looking I am and tell whether or not I can act." I am told that this remark was made recently by Miss Winifred Bryson, a clever young woman who has been winning great popularity at the Burbank theater. This is a sign of ability of the first water. How many actresses are there who would not infinitely prefer to be complimented upon their beauty, than see their work analyzed in a thoughtful, discriminating manner? Still, Miss Bryson's charm is so distinctive that it is a great temptation to talk about it. But she is an actress too. The thing that is going to make her valuable, one of these days, is that she has the ability to express lighter moods in a comedy spirit, and then be as hard as nails. This was manifested in "The Governor's Lady" a few weeks ago. Moreover, it is apparent that Miss Bryson possesses a certain culture without which there can be no permanent success in any art. All this is not to say that she is now a great actress, but that if she does not remain too long in the grind of stock work she should be a prize for a manager who can understand her talents. Stock companies are the greatest training grounds in the world for players—but there is such a thing as getting over-trained.

## Harry Carr's Illuminating Articles

For those who try to get an idea of what is going on in Europe from the fragmentary and often contradictory newspaper despatches, the frequent analytical articles by Harry Carr in the Times on "The Checkerboard of the War" are a great help. Last Sunday Harry excelled himself, possibly because he for the nonce allowed his admiration for the strategic genius of the late Homer Lee—an admiration which many do not share—to drop into the background. One of the greatest tragedies in local journalism was the chaining of Harry Carr to the piffling pink sheet of the Times, when his ability warranted his assignment to any position in the entire staff. Not the least of the things for which the General will have to answer in the hereafter, is permitting a man who wrote the first coherent story, and the best story, of the San Francisco earthquake, and these war articles, to be tied down to the silly job of fussing with the sporting supplement.

## English War Note Received

Dr. A. D. Houghton has received what, so far as I know, is the first of the emergency war currency of Great Britain to find its way to this country. It is a one pound note, and bears



the wording, "These notes are a legal tender for a payment of any amount. Issued by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, under authority of act of parliament." It bears the signature of John Bradbury, secretary of the treasury. It would not serve the purpose of the note used by the owl and the pussy-cat, who went to sea and wrapped up their commissary supplies in it, as this note is about the size of the old-time shin-plasters, only two and one-half by five inches, indicating that the British are economizing even in paper.

#### Kettner Lands His Man

Having ended the cruel suspense by naming Judge B. F. Bledsoe of San Bernardino for the new federal judgeship in Los Angeles, President Wilson, it is hoped, is imbued with the belief that he has done the best possible. It is, of course, a victory for Representative Kettner, who figures that Bledsoe's friends will pitch in to help elect him. Perhaps so, although why any Democrat, opposed on principle to ship subsidies, should vote for Kettner who betrayed his party by voting for the retention of free tolls, is not apparent. Judge Bledsoe is a convert to the recall-of-judges doctrine. Luckily, the fad does not annoy federal jurists to any marked extent.

#### War Dodged This Party

Miss Maud Thomas, principal of St. Catherine's school, is the first of the returning European travelers of whom I have heard, who was dodged by the war difficulties at all times. She was traveling with Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Moore, and they encountered none of the inconveniences reported by others. They are divided between an impulse to congratulate themselves at their escape, and a disappointment at not experiencing the unique adventures reported by others. Dr. and Mrs. Moore are back at Harvard.

#### Jeremiah Griffith Speaketh

Hearken unto the prophecy of D. W. Griffith, producer of moving picture spectacles, as proclaimed in the first number of the first volume of the official organ of the Photoplayers League, the Script: "The stage is dead. Such is the verdict of the best judges. It follows that the stage drama is also dead—killed by the vandal hand of commercialism. . . . What other end could have been expected when the destinies of the speaking stage have been in the absolute control of ex-bartenders, prize fight promoters and their kind? Can you imagine Young Genius—a budding Shakespeare or an Ibsen—walking into the offices of one of these gentry with his masterpiece under his arm and hoping to submit it for a life and death decision." There is much more of the same. The whole is headed with thirty-six point black type, two exclamation marks at each end of the line, "Modern Stage Drama is Dead." Mr. Griffith is deluded, being led away by his own success. The modern stage drama never had so good a chance for life as it has now, and the reason is that moving pictures have relieved it of the dead weight it was carrying. They have killed off the wild and woolly melodrama, by doing the thrillers in a way that appeals more strongly to the gum-chewing brigade, causing an entire removal of the strain on the none too vigorous brains. The pictures can do the frothy side of the drama so much better than the speaking drama that now the stage can devote itself to important things—must so devote itself, in fact. The pictures have had a permanent and vital effect upon the stage, but merely to take from it that which Mr. Griffith declares is dead. Nor would I minify the movies, or Mr. Griffith's own work. His production of "The Escape" is a fine piece of work, possibly the highest expression of moving picture ideals in this country. "Cabiria" is art in its truest sense. But the stage lost nothing through the production of these pictures, any more than the egg market would be forced down by an overproduction of persimmons. Mr. Griffith is a little mixed in his ideas. And who are these "bartenders" and "fight promoters" of whom he speaks? He seems a little invidious in his remarks: I know two men who are engaged in the sale of beverages, and one who stages boxing matches, whom I never have heard indulge in such extravagant language as that of Mr. Griffith in his jeremiad. I think his brain must have become superheated from his work in producing "The Clansman."

#### Mr. Griffith's Faux Pas

It is seldom that a man can make a great success in one line of business without believing himself capable of laying down the law for others, and this is where Mr. Griffith has made his mistake. This overconfidence leads to strange

errors. This week, for example, the city has been billed extensively with advertising of a Griffith production, "The Avenging Conscience" which, it is stated, is taken from Poe's poem "Telltale Hearts," whereas the original was not a poem at all, but a short story, entitled "The Telltale Heart." Now, this would indicate that the noted producer is not himself familiar with the source of his own inspiration. I wonder how close he came to the Poe spirit, if he did not know whether the work was poem or prose. There are many little points to be perfected in moving pictures, and a few things to be learned by their successful producers, before they can pose as oracles in all matters. I am a believer in the movies, but in the present condition of sudden success their promoters are ordinarily too cocksure and lacking in the culture which they must attain before they can be considered seriously as artists. And this, it must be said in justice to others, is proved by the achievements of those who have the knack of the silent drama, and educational advantages as well.

#### Salvationists Lose First Round

Judge J. P. Wood has decided against the Salvation Army in its injunction proceedings to prevent the city from enforcing its ordinance providing criminal prosecutions for those who solicit funds for charity without a permit from the Municipal Charities Commission. The basis of Judge Wood's decision was that no property rights are menaced by the action in arresting the Salvation Army officers, and the settled principle is that where no such irreparable damage is shown, courts of equity will not interfere with criminal proceedings. Judge Wood adds: "Other questions are suggested that are grave and of far-reaching importance. They cannot in this cause be decided. It will be time to decide them when they come properly before the court and after counsel have had time to make the research necessary properly to present them. The difficulty and, in some respect, the novelty, of this subject and the possibility of an erroneous conclusion in the absence of the fullest presentation, demand that the court refrain at this time, from expressions of gratuitous opinion."

#### School for Salesmanship

One of the readjustments to the times is Avery McCarthy's School for Salesmanship, held daily at the offices of The McCarthy Company. I was attracted by an advertisement for men to work for E. Avery's company who had never sold real estate before, and I asked "why?" "Simply because," the answer came, "simply because the old line real estate salesman tells too much, stretches things too far; what is wanted in this day is candor, and straight information, nothing more. So, to get salesmen to offer our properties we are holding a school for salesmanship, with a set of principles and of system based on the 'best policy' plan, and we even formulate the exact wording of their introductory or approach of the subject leading up to the proposition being offered. The result is that we continue to sell real estate at a time when the market is supposed to be very quiet. We find there are many customers, but they respond to different ways and means than formerly. Times change, and with times, conditions, and following as a natural consequence people themselves change. Each day is a day, and we start from that day. What was yesterday is not today and tomorrow is another day. There was a time when real estate buyers here were called tenderfeet; when it was thought essential to tell the biggest story possible to sell real estate, when the biggest storyteller was the best local salesman. No so now. Truth, candor, straightforwardness, are the essential qualities in salesmanship to carry conviction." I happen to know that The McCarthy Company's "Garden Acres" near Inglewood has had a phenomenal sale—now I understand why; and that Avery's Wilshire district properties are kept "moving," for all of which I am glad.

#### Wally Young Takes a Chance

Waldemar Young is one of the best known newspaper men on the coast, being one of the old brigade in San Francisco. He has always been interested in the theater, having viewed it as critic, then as press agent, next as author, and now, at the Orpheum, as author-actor-producer-manager. In San Francisco, theatrical criticism is on about the same plane as in Los Angeles. In other words, the critics call the managers by their first names, drink their liquor between the acts, and so long as they advertise and pay their bills, boost everything that comes along. In fact, they are worse in this respect in San Francisco than they are here. A show that is roasted in the Bay City must be something terrible.

Musicians will remember that the first year "The Merry Widow" came to the coast it had a weak orchestra and a poor singing company. This fact was duly ignored all along the line, for "The Merry Widow" had a New York reputation, Savage's autograph, and Henri Gressitt as advance agent, so to find fault would have been high treason. Wally Young fell for it with the others, being then dramatic editor of the Chronicle. The next Saturday night in Jellison's, the Press Club No. 2, a reporter from another paper who had a slight knowledge of music, began quizzing Wally about the musical side of the Lehar operetta, and finding Wally knew but little of music, began pressing his points with considerable vigor, until at length the dramatic editor arose in all his dignity and thundered forth that he was the DRAMATIC EDITOR of the CHRONICLE, and who and what was this interloper to set up his paltry judgment; whereupon Walter Anthony, the only man in the whole roster of San Francisco newspaper writers who knows a minor chord from a barcarolle, looked over the rims of his glasses and said, "Well, Wally, I don't know that they know so much about music in Utah either!" The session then all but broke up in a fight, for, in common with all other Pah Utes, Wally does not—or did not then—like to be reminded of his original haunts in the Mormon state. Entered then the calm Chinese who presided over the free lunch, with a heaping pan of chop suey, and bloodshed was averted.

#### Final Test of Quality

"Lady Eileen" is a great play! Whatever doubts may have been entertained on this score by any persons whatsoever, are entirely set at rest by the authenticated report that Robert M. Yost, Jr., was seen to smite his palms together vigorously in applause last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Yost is noted for the calmness with which he is able to contemplate dramatic art, a capacity he has developed in long experience about theaters. He has not quite reached the degree of perfection in this respect attained by Otheman Stevens, who sat immobile at his side last Sunday, while he indulged in this unwonted ebullition of enthusiasm. The suggestion that Mr. Yost's action was due to the fact that he is now press agent of the Burbank is scorned by all who know his stern and uncompromising nature.

#### "Patience" in Rehearsal

I hear that the Amateur Players are busy rehearsing "Patience," to be given October 22. The first performance is for the Amateur Players Club membership, and the second for the American Red Cross benefit. Out of deference to other Red Cross benefits, nothing has been said by the Amateur Players' officers of the progress of their play; but if all signs do not fail, a great social and financial success will mark the opening of the social season the twenty-second of this month.

#### Making Huge Photographs

There are being made in Los Angeles numbers of the largest photographic prints turned out in this country, incidentally, by the only woman trade photographer in this country, Mrs. A. B. Watts. It was from her enlarging room that the panoramic view of Los Angeles, photographed from the scaffolding at the top of Trinity dome, was printed. This picture is fifteen feet long and four feet wide, and is said by photographers to be the largest photograph ever made in the United States. It was on view several days in the window of a South Broadway store. In addition to this there have been turned out lately by the same young woman reproductions of photographs of moving picture stars more than life size, frequently as much as seven feet tall.

#### New Auto Club Emblem Appears

There has sprouted upon many a radiator in the last week or so, the new official emblem of the National Automobile Association, which has been adopted also by the A. C. S. C. It is in the form of a brass model of an automobile wheel, about three inches in diameter, with a mission bell in the center, bearing the words, "Good Roads," the national slogan of autoists. They may not be unique, like the illuminated Kewpies, nor so useful as the little indicators that tell the amount of water in the tank, but they have their value as well. These organizations protect their members, and there is many a bucolic tyrant calling himself guardian of the peace, who has hesitated to impose upon an autoist who knew he was in the right, and promised to take his grievance to the club officials, if the persecution was carried out.



## Two Examples of the Drama of Echegaray By Randolph Bartlett

TO this country the drama of Spain is known only through the medium of one man, and then only through two of his plays—Jose Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto" and "Mariana," parts of both of which have been seen on the stage. Under the title, "The World and His Wife," William Faversham presented the former for one or two seasons, and the epilogue to the latter is even now being given with great effectiveness by Bertha Kalisch in vaudeville. It is only recently, however, that "The Great Galeoto" has been translated in its original form, with the prologue. In the American acting version this was omitted, partly because it made the play too long for an American evening, and partly because it is not necessary after all, excepting to make it entirely clear from the beginning what the author means.

One of the most interesting things about the present volume, which is one of the Drama League series, is the sketch of Echegaray himself. He was born in 1833, and is still living, since 1905 minister of finance in the troubled kingdom of Spain, at eighty-one a pillar of King Alfonso's cabinet. Not until he was forty years old did he write his first play, his major activities at this time being those of a professor of mathematics. In the last forty years he has written fifty plays, a record beaten by Clyde Fitch, it is true, but considering how his life has been occupied with other matters, an achievement unique in the history of literature. He has written as many as four plays in a year, and has enjoyed a tremendous vogue in Spain, and the two plays which have been done into English are known in almost every country.

While the motive of "The Great Galeoto" is an excellent one, the drama itself is worked out in an extremely artificial manner. It is of the old-time school, with numerous asides, long soliloquies, accidental discoveries and improbable contrivances. Ernest, son of a dead friend of Don Julian, lives at the home of the latter whose wife Teodora is beautiful, many years his junior and about the age of Ernest. Gossip begins to find in this congenial little group, a dainty morsel, and the relatives of Don Julian lose no time in telling him how the wind blows. He is angry at the gossips, then scornful, then annoyed, and so in dimuendo until he begins to entertain suspicions, against his own will. Ernest decides to leave the city, but before he can do so he accidentally overhears an insult to the woman he is said to love, and becomes involved in a duel. Don Julian hears of the affair, and substitutes himself for Ernest, without the latter knowing how the events have progressed. Meanwhile, Teodora also has heard of the duel, and comes to Ernest's rooms—a highly improbable action in view of the general situation. Her husband is wounded, the duel conveniently taking place in the same house as Ernest's rooms, and Don Julian is brought there, badly wounded. Teodora, of course, is secreted in the bedroom, and, of course, discovered there. In the last act Teodora and Ernest are openly accused by Julian of being lovers, and the play ends by Ernest declaring that now he does love Teodora—"But should anyone ask you who was the infamous intermediary in this infamy, you will reply, 'Ourselves, without being aware of it, and with us the stupid chatter of busy-bodies.'" This would be more convincing if Teodora had not been found in his bedroom, a fact that it requires a good deal of faith to ignore.

It reminds one of the story of the man who went to see an oculist. The doctor said: "I find nothing wrong with your eyes." The man replied: "Doctor, I went home last night and I thought I saw my wife in another man's arms. He apparently skipped out the back way, and my dear wife, in reply to my accusation, said, 'Do you believe your honey, or do you believe your eyes?' Well, doctor, I believed my honey, and I'm here to get my eyes fixed." I aver that after a man has just been cut open in a duel to defend his wife's honor, and then discovers her in the bedroom of the man with whose name her's has been coupled, he has a right to a certain degree of peevishness. This is deftly covered in the play by making all the accusing persons entirely unreasonable and detestable, but my sympathies are with Julian, for, all, he was the only loser in the long run. He loses his wife, and presumably his life also, while Ernest gets the lovely lady, and she a much younger and more suitable mate. The prologue is interesting, conveying the message that this is a play which

Ernest himself is supposed to write, upon hearing from his friends Julian and Teodora, upon their return from the theater, that many have asked for him and commented upon his unaccustomed absence. He muses thus:

"Lift your roofs, you thousand houses of this great town. Let me see the men and women enter your drawing-rooms and boudoirs in search of the night's rest after fevered pleasures abroad. Let my acute hearing catch the stray words of all those who inquired for me of Don Julian and Teodora. As the scattered rays of light, when gathered to a focus by diaphanous crystal, strike flame, and darkness is forged by the crossed bars of shadow; as mountains are made from grains of earth, and seas from drops of water, so will I use your wasted words, your vague smiles, your eager glances, and build my play of all those thousand trivialities dispersed in cafes, at reunions, theaters and spectacles, and that float now in the air. Let the modest crystal of my intelligence be the lens which will concentrate light and shadow, from which will spring the dramatic conflagration and the tragic explosion of the catastrophe. Already, my play takes shape. It has even a title now, for there, under the lamp-shade, I see the immortal work of the immortal Florentine. (Paolo and Francesca.) It offers me in Italian what in good Spanish it would be risky and futile audacity either to write on paper or pronounce on the stage. Francesca and Paola, assist me with the story of your loves . . . The play—the play begins . . . First page—there, 'tis no longer white. It has a name. The Great Galeoto."

It is interesting to note that the original Galeoto, or go-between of lovers, was Boccaccio's "Decameron," concerning which Dunlop, in his history of prose literature says: "It is styled 'Decameron' from ten days having been occupied in the relation of the tales, and is also entitled 'Principe Galeoto'—an appellation which the deputies appointed for the correction of the 'Decameron' consider as derived from the fifth canto of Dante's 'Inferno'—'Galeoto' being the name of that seductive book which was read by Paolo and Francesca."

There was published in Poet Lore in 1908 another of the dramas of this remarkable man, and it is as fantastic as its title, "El Loco Dios," "The Madman Divine" being the rendering, though it hardly expresses the sentiment of the original. It would be difficult, indeed, to put into English the full force of "El Loco Dios" without being irreverent. "The Crazy God" is the literal meaning, but "God Gone Crazy" would be nearer the impression. In this drama, Fuensanta, a beautiful young widow, who has inherited from her husband a huge fortune, is entirely surrounded by relatives, bent upon keeping the money in the family. She is not strong, and while there is no hint of such a thing as desiring her death, one can imagine that in such a contingency there would be a few seconds devoted to crocodile tears, and then a wild scramble for the spoils. Death does not appear imminent, however, and failing that, the first thing the relatives feel they must do, is prevent her from marrying an outsider. The second, not so important, but good as a permanent means of warding off danger, is to marry her to a nincompoop of their own clan. Gabriel de Medina, a lawyer who has been in Fuensanta's service, loves her, and she hardly knows whether or not she reciprocates, his manner with her is so strange. Yet she welcomes him as a relief from her relatives, whom she supports and tolerates out of her goodness of heart. Gabriel regards himself as something of a superman. He says he is going to California to exploit certain mines, and will return in two or three years at most, as rich as Fuensanta herself, whereupon he will marry her. The woman asks him, if he is so perfect how he can fall in love with so imperfect a being as she, and his answer typifies his philosophy of life:

"For a being more perfect, more powerful, more exalted than oneself one feels respect, admiration, devotion, filial affection; but not love, deep, divine. Those beings who are in some respects inferior to us, our infants, our children, these we love without limit; to the point of sacrifice, crime, death, annihilation. Why, do you believe that the God-man would have sacrificed himself for another God, supposing that another God such as He could have existed? No; for man, imperfect, weak, full of misery, corrupted by sin, threatened with damnation; for man, yes;

for man a God would die on the cross; for another God, never!"

So, he leaves without any definite understanding. In his absence the relatives drive the poor Fuensanta nearly frantic, but she discovers that she does love Gabriel. At last he returns, even wealthier than he had predicted, and takes Fuensanta by storm. The woman alone is able to calm him now, and his superman mania at times becomes almost incoherent. The relatives have him watched, but he controls himself, at the behest of his bride to be, patterning himself after the nincompoop, and therefore being regarded as a model of deportment and sanity. Thus Echegaray satirizes both sides at the same time. It is to be noted, however, that Gabriel's mania is not essentially mad; it is his obsession concerning it which makes it insanity. However, the plans for the wedding go on, and finally the ceremony takes place. Shortly afterward the insanity shows violent symptoms, and preparations are made by the relatives to send him to a madhouse. In the midst of the turmoil Gabriel has the house set on fire, and, presumably, he, his bride and the relatives are all burned to death. It apparently, was Echegaray's reply to Nietzsche, that the philosophy of the superman leads inevitably to insanity.

It is interesting to note, in this group of relatives surrounding Fuensanta, that with all their odious characteristics the Spanish ideal of the relations between children and parents is never violated. There is a young woman, Angeles, daughter of one of the schemers, who sympathizes with Fuensanta throughout, and detests all the horde of self-seekers, excepting that she can see nothing of wrong in her father. It is thus also with the nincompoop Paco, and his mother Dona Andrea—whatever may be their designs upon others, they are always gentle with each other, kind, and thoughtful. It is a form of benevolent selfishness which is the outgrowth of the intense clannishness that is characteristic of the Spanish and Scottish people. No matter how far gone from grace the son of Spain may stray, there is nothing he will not do for Mamita.

Echegaray added no laurels to his collection by this play, either in Madrid or America. Its story is not interesting, and save for a few of Gabriel's remarkable enunciations of his philosophy, lacks in ideas that attract the mind. It is just a fantastic study, and, as remarked, probably written as an answer to Nietzsche. I believe it is not now available in book form.

("The Great Galeoto," by Jose Echegaray. Translated by Hannah Lynch. Drama League Series of Plays. Doubleday, Page & Co. Bullock's.)

### MY SECRET (To R.)

You are the glorious background of my life, to which  
My dull and colorless existence lends itself—  
Changing to a rich, deep purple.

How often have I lain with tear-stained eyes,  
Sobbing my troubles in the lonely dark,  
When, at one thought of you, my petty cares fall  
from me  
And I find myself encircled in your strong protecting arms.

We've played the game as it is played.  
Save for a breathless kiss or two—a warm hand-clasp,  
We've thrown no fuel on the flame—and yet—  
I am as sure of you today and you of me,  
As that first day our love revealed itself.

I hold my thoughts of you close to my heart,  
Just as I do the smallest of my children;  
And, as the blind enjoy the sense of touch, so I,  
From years of going on without you, have redoubled power  
Of seeking you in thought.

And you will answer me, as I will call—  
So long as life has any need of me.

—M.

There are many marked resemblances between the campaigns of the present war in Europe and our civil war. And it begins to look as if the result would also be the wearing out by constant losses, of the smaller, though more efficient army.



# Cheaters

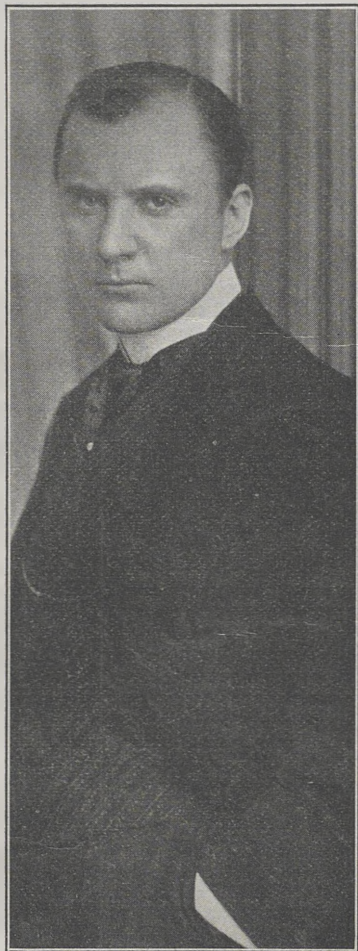
THERE should be a law against first performances, and it should be advocated by all authors, managers, actors and others interested in the proper placing of dramatic productions before the public. For the first performance of any play is only the last rehearsal, and that is why, in the case of Broadway productions, they are staged first in Buffalo, Washington, or any other city but the one in which they are expected to have their runs. Still, after a week of rehearsal by a stock company, which is at the same time playing in another piece, we are all asked to go down to the Burbank Sunday afternoon and pass final judgment. Many of us stagger under the responsibility, which is taken as a sign of intoxication and consequent mental unbalance. This is unjust. We are so appalled at the vistas of possibility from our high station that we grow dizzy, and give vent to weird cerebrations, sandwiched between platitudes.

"Lady Eileen" never can be a great play. The interesting thing in this regard is that it is founded upon the same basic idea as "His Son," the last premiere at the Burbank. But while "His Son" dealt with parental love, it did so directly, powerfully, and without the slightest deviation from the major motif. "Lady Eileen" starts out to be a drama of the love of mother and daughter, and then becomes a mere "made plot"—charmingly and cleverly made, it is true, but lacking in the deep humanity that is needed to make a play great. The story, in brief: Lady Eileen Tremayne is the daughter of Lord Boscowen, who has been divorced from his wife. The latter has come to America and struggled along as an actress, her second husband, Julius Finch, an unsuccessful writer of plays. Lady Eileen becomes engaged to Captain D'Arcy, as a means of escape from the boredom of Boscowen Castle, but the captain is not nimble of wit, or seemingly not, and he does not cut a romantic figure. So one day the girl packs up and hies her across the Atlantic to the theatrical boarding house and her mother. There is a touching reunion; mother-love is awakened, daughter-love springs into being. Lady Eileen, accustomed to great wealth, realizes things will be different. She is willing to forego a maid, and instead of having her gowns made in Paris will get them on Fifth Avenue. The tragedy of all her fineness and elegance being transplanted into the artificiality of her mother's life, in its way worse than real poverty, is apparent.

Father and fiance follow the truant, the former demanding her instant return—the latter deeply concerned, but diplomatic. Now, this is drama. What follows is worked out by rule of William Archer and "Playmaking." A manager who has undertaken to produce a play by Lady Eileen's stepfather comes to discuss certain changes he wants made. The lofty Eileen aristocratically objects to his uncouth manners, or lack of manners, and orders him from the house, ending all chances of the production of the play in her ignorance of business. The manager then learns she is the daughter of an earl, and makes a secret agreement to produce the play which she learns she has caused to be shelved, if she will appear on the stage under his management on a two-years' contract. In her remorse

she agrees. Her father buys off the manager, the bribe to be used in producing Finch's play, and commands his daughter to return. He bullies the girl's mother into supporting his demand, picturing the life she knows and that she will have to endure. Then the mother weakens again, and asks her daughter to stay, but in the end she marries the solid Captain D'Arcy, who has been weaving his way in and out of the play and creating an impression that he is not so dull as people think.

From the introduction of the theatrical manager the vital element of the play is lost in the mazes of the plot. This story can be tightened



ARNOLD DALY—ORPHEUM

up, and made more of a comedy, or it can be disentangled, and made more dramatic. Doubtless one of these is what the authors and Manager Morosco will do, without this expert advice. But that is how it stood at the first performances, and if plays must be judged upon first performances—there you are. As a "prize play" it suggests, however, that the competition could not have been widely advertised, or that the American play writers are losing their vigor, for this play cannot be more than pleasing. Mr. Morosco's well-known predilection for "punch plays" would have eliminated "Lady Eileen" had there been any notable virility among its competitors.

For its introduction of Lillian Kemble Cooper in the title part, the play will long be remembered gratefully. She is the only case I can remember of an actress looking younger than the part demands. She is supposed to

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be twenty-one, and does not appear more than eighteen. No person who is interested in hearing the English language spoken as the creator intended can afford to miss hearing her. If those who would acquire distinction in speech will practice upon her enunciation of the long O vowel sound they will realize what a long way they have to travel to reach the goal. There is not an unpleasant vocal sound in her entire register. This was her first appearance in United States. She is not an actress of experience, but possesses much natural grace, which is much more important. When her present constraint, caused by unfamiliarity with her surroundings, wears off, a delightful personality will shine across the footlights. Aside from this, the only notable thing about the performance is the impersonation of D'Arcy by Forrest Stanley who succeeded in scoring his comedy points without caricaturing, or making the role grotesque. The English aristocrat is as unknown to the average American actor as the habits of the Great Auk of Aukland, so Mr. Stanley's achievement is remarkable. R. B.

#### Poetry of Motion Pictures

"Cabiria" is the poetry of motion pictures—the grand opera of the movies. This remarkable film has been heralded ever since it first was seen in New York this summer, as the most remarkable silent drama produced. This was not merely the word of those interested in the business end, but also those who had seen it in New York and elsewhere. So superlative were all praises that the audiences at Trinity Auditorium this week were prepared for anything—except the actuality. So vast, so prodigious are the spectacles that it would be a vain task to attempt to convey the slightest impression, in the brief space of a theatrical review, of their magnitude or their beauty. A few haphazard glimpses must suffice as samples. The one which stands out most strongly in the memory is the siege of Cirta. Huge walls, sixty feet or more high, are covered with swarms of defenders, hurling rocks and other destructive articles upon the attacking party below.

Running at right angles to this wall, and issuing from it at about half its height, is a causeway, and the defenders sally forth on this to repel a force which is storming it with ladders. The attacking party mounts the walls in scores and hundreds, and engages in a terrific hand to hand combat, one after another being hurled backward, to drop probably thirty feet to the ground. Molten metal and boiling oil is poured upon the heads of the besiegers, and so the battle continues with intense ferocity. Then, as simple as this is complex, but no less impressive, is a silhouette in which a caravan of camels is seen making its way across a ridge of the Sahara, with the sunset glow behind it. Then one of the opening scenes—none the less amazing because it is palpably "made"—is of Etna in eruption in the middle distance, while down a nearer mountain side can be seen a great concourse of refugees, driving their domestic animals away from the fiery terror. If the tinsel melodramas which are often foisted upon the public are moving pictures, then a new name must be coined for this almost terrifying series of spectacles.

Of the actors in this drama, all eyes were for a magnificent ebony giant, Maciste, played by Erneso Paganini, who from time to time was called upon to perform feats of what seemed superhuman strength. Nor were these fictions of the deceitful camera, for the manner in which the slave hurled a man high over his head into a flaming cauldron on the top of the Temple of Moloch could

not have been faked. This is, unquestionably, as fine a physique as the world has known from the dawn of history, for it is absolute perfection. With all his muscular strength, there is no part of his body where the sinews bulge or obtrude. This is real classic beauty, free from the obsession of sex. There are many other clever pantomimists in the production, for this is an art in which the Italians as a race are equalled possibly by the Russians, but excelled by none. The leading character is not active in the drama, the girl Cabiria's adventures being nothing more than a slender thread connecting the historically authentic incidents of the period of Hannibal.

Done without the accompaniment of adequate music, this prodigious drama would lose half its effectiveness. Manlio Mazza provided the incidental music under the direction of D'Annunzio, the librettist, himself. There are a few excerpts from "Elijah" and "Orfeo," but Mazza has entered into the mood of all the scenes, and in no uncertain manner has completed the hypnotism which the author and producer devised. There is a large orchestra and a chorus, which help make the scenes live. With so much action, often so violent, it would have been almost grotesque to have witnessed them in a silent auditorium, and still worse had the music fallen short of the majesty of the pictures. The big organ was not the least important factor in producing the harmony of vision and sound. It seems a safe hazard that "Cabiria" will stand for a considerable time as a pinnacle of moving picture achievement. It will be at the Trinity Auditorium again next week.

#### Week of Real Operettas

De Wolf Hopper and an excellent supporting company is giving a series of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas at the Majestic this week. This is, unquestionably, one of the best singing organizations ever seen in this country, in comic opera, there being but one unsatisfactory voice among the principles, while the chorus, the male section in particular, is exceptionally good. The opening choruses of the first performance, "The Mikado," were beautifully done. DeWolf Hopper, himself, played Ko-Ko again, and Arthur Cunningham is still the Mikado. The word "cute" was coined for Gladys Caldwell, the exquisite Yum-Yum until you hear her voice. Then when she soars majestically about in the upper reaches of song, the word "cute" fades away and you search in vain for a phrase to express her dainty charm and her vocal dominance. Herbert Waterous sang the Pooh-Bah role in sonorous manner, while Arthur Aldridge's Nanki-Poo was in finest lyric style. It is questionable if Gilbert ever intended Katisha to be so repulsive as Jayne Herbert makes her, each succeeding actress who essays this role evidently trying to outdo her predecessors in making it almost repugnant. Further, it is doubtful if Gilbert ever wrote such a line as "If it wasn't for the law," and repeated the grammatical offense in the next speech as well. These are trifles, however. The company is better by twenty-five per cent at least, than that of last year. For Mr. Hopper's description of Pooh-Bah in his curtain speech we are deeply indebted. Said he: "He is the King of the Velvet Knock. He would take a dead fly from a blind spider. He looks over the rims to save his glasses." Age does not wither nor custom stale the comedy and vocal powers of Mr. Hopper. Long may he wave, and be the Robert Mantell of comic opera.

There were two novelties of the engagement, "Iolanthe," which is one of the less familiar of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and "Trial by

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Jury," which I think has not been given before here. These strengthened the impression made by Miss Caldwell in "The Mikado." This remarkably young prima donna has a wealth of personality to support her vocal powers, and will be herself a star in the not distant future. A more alluring picture than she presented in "Trial by Jury" has not been seen in comic opera for years. This piece is a delicious bit of satire, worthy of more extended notice than is possible here. "Iolanthe" suffers from the fact that its humor, being distinctly British, does not strike home to the American audiences. It is as difficult for the American audience as a satire on the senate would be for the Londoners. The score is exquisite, however, and contains much of the best operetta music Sir Arthur Sullivan ever wrote. The business done here by the Hopper company has been merely mediocre, despite the fact that this is, without doubt, the finest comic opera presentation ever given in Los Angeles, both as to material and company. There has been as good material, with weaker casts, and as good casts with less excellent pieces.

#### Travesty Reigns at the Orpheum

Broad burlesque in "When Caesar Ran a Paper," supplies the greatest amount of laughter at the Orpheum this week. Waldemar Young as Marc Antony, the press agent, and William Jacobs as Julius Caesar, the editor, are irresistibly funny in their absurd sketch and the audience does

not attempt to restrain itself. Cleopatra is the star and in the effort to "smear her over the first page" of the Caesar sheet Antony proves his right to be regarded as a noble rum 'un. Ethyl McFarland is a sinuous dancer and Mrs. Caesar, with her one line, is a headliner, all right. With the accomplishment of the triple tragedy, Caesar attests his greatness as an editor, as he pounds the typewriter, preparing "copy" for the extra, the victims, meanwhile, lying before him in their gore. Harry Hines and George Cox in their song specialties make a hit as also do the Charles McGoods in their brilliant parlor pastime. For clean cut, muscular athletics their entertainment is in a class of its own. As acrobatic dancers the Hickey brothers are fairly good, but both are mouth breathers, apparently, and their constantly exposed expanse of molars palls on the sensibilities. Francis McGinn as Officer O'Reilly and Joseph Green as Inspector Turner play well up to each other in "The Cop," but the Italian of Wilmot Williams is a sad travesty. O'Reilly refuses to be tempted to graft, despite the devilish ingenuity of the inspector, and his virtue is rewarded, to the delight of the gallery, when it proves that the assault on his virtue is a "plant" and he is being tried out for a sergeantcy, which he gets. Inanities mark the trail of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto in "Her Daddy's Friend." The audience is too polite to hiss, but the

Continued on Page 11



# Social & Personal

One of the most pretentious of the week's society affairs was the large reception given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Edward L. Doheny at her beautiful home in Chester place. The affair was in compliment to Mrs. Edward L. Doheny Jr., who is a recent bride. The home was artistically decorated, the color scheme of yellow and white being carried out in the profusion of golden chrysanthemums, dahlias and foliage. In the dining room, great fluffy bows of tulle were mingled with the blossoms and greenery. Later in the afternoon tea was served, both in the house and in the garden. Guests were received between 4 and 7 o'clock and several hundred invitations were issued for the event. Those assisting the hostess included, Meses. Adna R. Chaffee, J. Crampton Anderson, Oscar D. Bennett, J. R. Clark, William J. Davis, Segundo Guasti, Carl Leonardt, William H. Smith, A. C. Bilicke, Amos B. Withers, J. Ross Clark, Herbert C. Wylie, Ernest R. Rivers, Dwight Hart, Fred O. Johnson, J. J. Jenkins, J. M. Danziger, Caspar Whitney, Erasmus Wilson, John Milner Jr., Charles S. Noyes, John Donald Dawson, Philip Wilson, Frank H. Powell, Anson Lisk, Clark Smith, Harry Colyer, William Bayly, William Bayly Jr., Walter P. Story, Guy Barham, Joy Clark, Charles Wellborn, J. H. Meyers, George P. Paddleford, Waller Chanslor, Norman Bridge, Kate O. Moore, James H. Adams; Misses Eileen Canfield, Lina Johnson, Conchita Sepulveda, Katherine Johnson, Alice Early, Clara Leonardt and Molly Adelia Brown.

This evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wachter of West Twenty-eighth street, the marriage of Miss Florence Wachter to Mr. Robert Harrison Moulton will take place. Rev. Baker P. Lee will officiate and the ceremony will be performed in Christ Episcopal church. Mrs. Thomas Henry Smith of Piedmont, sister of the bride, will be her matron of honor and the bridesmaids will include Misses Olive Erdt, Laura McVay and Doris Moulton of Riverside, the latter being the sister of the bridegroom. Mr. Moulton's attendants and ushers will include Messrs. Ferris Moulton and Arthur Moulton of San Francisco, Francis Moulton, Arthur Wachter, Thomas Henry Smith of Piedmont and Earl Huntley.

Of wide-spread interest was the marriage, Saturday last, of Miss Amanda Mathews, the well known author, to Rev. Charles Edward Chase, also prominently known as a writer. The ceremony took place at Wake Robin Lodge, Glen Ellen, at the former home of Jack London, which is now being occupied by Rev. and Mrs. Edward B. Payne. The former officiated at the service. Mr. Bryant Mathews, brother of the bride, gave her away, and the Misses Julia and Ellen Mathews assisted as maids, while Mrs. Bryant Mathews was matron of honor. The ceremony was witnessed only by the immediate relatives, and following the service a wedding breakfast was served in the artistic little pavilion on the grounds. As Miss Mathews, Mrs. Chase has won much success as a writer of children's stories, and of fiction centering in Los Angeles Sonoratown. She is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Newell Mathews, pioneer residents of this city and, with her two sisters,

only recently returned, from two years' stay in Europe. Rev. and Mrs. Chase will remain at Glen Ellen for the present and continue their literary work.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian church, and Mrs. Shaw, were the honored guests at a dinner party given last evening by Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell at their home on Arapahoe street.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop entertained at the Craggs Country Club over last Saturday and Sunday. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Burton Green, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Cook, Mrs. M. E. Wilbur, Miss Munn, Mr. Luther Green and Mr. James T. Currie.

In the week's calendar of social activities, one of the affairs particularly enjoyed, was the luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Robert Sweeny. Guests were entertained at her home on New Hampshire street, the rooms being attractively decorated for the occasion with blossoms and greenery.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys were hostesses recently at an informal little dinner dance given at the Beverly Hills hotel. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman McFie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Benton Van Nuys, Mr. James Page and Mr. Ray Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schweppe, son-in-law and daughter of Mrs. Van Nuys, returned home this week from the east, and are staying at the Beverly Hills hotel temporarily.

Among the delightful affairs given for Mrs. John P. Jones since her return from abroad, was the luncheon at which Mrs. Hancock Banning was hostess Thursday of this week. The affair was given at the West Adams street home of Mrs. Banning, and the luncheon was for ten guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred K. Barnard, Miss Lucy Clark, Archie Barnard and Jack Wells have gone north for a sojourn of a month or more. They will pass the time at Lake Tahoe.

In compliment to Miss Helen Bullis, whose marriage to Mr. Samuel James Campbell will take place October 10, a pleasant dancing party will be given by the three young women who have been chosen by Miss Bullis as her bridal attendants. The affair is planned for the evening of October 6 and about thirty guests have been invited. The hostesses will be Miss Ruth Hutchinson, Miss Edith Hutchinson and Miss Marion Judah and the party will be given at the home of the two former, 510 Westmoreland avenue.

Miss Ruth Hoegee, whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Hill was announced early in the summer, is to be married in October, the date to be named later. The wedding will be a home affair, with only the immediate relatives present. Friday afternoon Miss Hoegee was the guest of honor at a prettily appointed luncheon and card party given at the home of Miss Lillian Grass on Hollywood boulevard. As hostesses, with Miss Grass, were Mrs. John Raymond Banks and Miss Eulalie Grass.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wailes who have passed the summer months in their cottage at Santa Monica, have returned to their home on West Adams street.

Because of illness, the informal dinner dance which Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

liam W. Mines were to give at their home on Kingsley Drive, Tuesday evening, has been postponed until next Wednesday evening, October 7.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan were host and hostess at two informal theater parties this week. Tuesday evening they had as their guests at the Burbank theater, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wright. Thursday evening they entertained with a box party at the Majestic theater, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. W. Mackie and Mr. and Mrs. Sol Davis. Following the theater parties, a supper at Levy's was enjoyed. Mrs. Hagan will entertain the Westlake Bridge club at her home, with a bridge luncheon, October 8.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., are again occupying their beautiful home on West Adams street, after a stay of five months in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Riley whose marriage in the east was a recent event, have taken apartments at the Hershey Arms for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Southard and daughter, Miss Kathleen Southard, have returned to the Bryson, after a three months' motoring trip through the northern part of the state. Miss Southard has entered Marlborough school, and her parents will leave soon for Lethbridge, Canada, planning to return in time for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Esther Baird, daughter of Mrs. Thomas E. Baird of 2641 Dalton avenue, has chosen October 21 as the date for her marriage to Mr. Ward Montgomery, son of W. F. Montgomery. The young couple have decided upon a home wedding, three hundred guests having been asked. Miss Baird will have as her maid of honor, Miss Helen Myers, and Mr.

Joe Baird will assist as best man. Following the wedding, Mrs. Baird, mother of the bride will go east to visit her daughter, Mrs. Chester Mark Woodruff of Toledo, Ohio, and in her absence, Mr. Montgomery and his bride will occupy the home on Dalton avenue.

Mrs. Henry Jensen, wife of Lieutenant Commander Jensen, U. S. N., has taken the Bohon cottage at Hermosa Beach for an indefinite sojourn. With her is her mother, Mrs. Mathew T. Allen and her sister, Mrs. Harold Wrenn, and children. Mr. Jensen is still stationed in Mexican waters, with other officers assigned to duty there.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fitzgerald, who were among the many Los Angelenos in Europe at the beginning of hostilities, have reached New York, and after a fortnight in the east and south, they will return to their home here.

Owing to the serious illness of her sister, Miss Mary Grant, of 909 Bonnie Brae street, whose marriage to Mr. John Haley was to have taken place October 14, has been compelled to forego plans for her wedding as planned, and it is possible that a quiet home wedding may be substituted for the large church ceremony, which was to mark the nuptials. The date for the wedding will be set later.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Jacoby of 691 Westmoreland avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lelia S. Jacoby to Mr. Isidor Eisner. No date is announced for the marriage as yet.

Dr. and Mrs. John P. Lawton of Midoaks, San Gabriel, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Gwendoline Lawton, to Mr. John A. Bell of San Gabriel. Both Miss Lawton and her fiancé are well known and popular and the engagement is of interest. They are members of the San Gabriel County Club, Mr. Bell

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being one of the directors of the organization. He is a civil engineer, with interests in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The marriage will take place soon, probably in the early part of November, although no definite date has been named as yet. The ceremony will take place in the little Episcopal church at San Gabriel.

Miss Ruth Miller, daughter of Mrs. William Miller of 5000 Gramercy place, left recently for San Francisco, where she will devote her time to the study of music. She is an attractive young woman, gifted with a rarely sweet voice, and prior to her departure for the north, several informal farewell parties were given in her honor.

Mrs. Munro Montgomery of 2091 West Adams street, and Miss Margaret Gould, entertained Saturday afternoon with a bridge party at the home of the former. The affair was given in compliment to Miss Florence Wachter, a bride-elect, and Miss Edna Wyman of Canton, Ill., who is Mrs. Montgomery's house guest. The home was decorated for the occasion with pink and white roses.

In honor of Mrs. Stanley Anderson and Mrs. Clarence Mattinson, two recent brides, Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus entertained Sunday at the Beverly Hills hotel with a large and attractively appointed tea. About one hundred and fifty guests were asked for the affair. The decorations were in yellow. Assisting in pouring the tea were Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Mrs. Morris Albee, Mrs. Earl Y. Boothe and Mrs. Louise Connelly, the latter a visitor here from New York.

Mrs. J. B. Winston and daughter, Miss Caroline Winston, will leave soon for Berkeley for a visit of a month or so with Mrs. Winston's son, Mr. Jack Winston, who is attending the university there. Mr. Winston and Miss Marguerite Winston may go north later to join the other members of the family for the latter part of the stay there.

Mrs. Lester Hibbard, who returned earlier in the summer from a year's travel abroad, was the guest of honor last Saturday at a luncheon given by Miss Marie Crowe at Hotel Westmore. Places at the table were arranged for fourteen guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland of 645 West Twenty-third street, have given up their own home and moved to 2217 South Figueroa street, which place has been occupied by Mrs. Addie Friesner, a sister of Mrs. McFarland. The property was their girlhood home. Mrs. Friesner will be in Berkeley for the next two years, while her son, Mr. James Friesner is attending the university there. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland will have with them their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler, and family. The McFarland home on West Twenty-third street will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grimm, the latter formerly Miss Sally McFarland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham have been entertaining Mrs. John P. Jones, at their home on Adelaide Drive, Santa Monica, this week. Mrs. Jones at the conclusion of her visit there, will go to San Francisco, where she will visit friends, after which she will return to occupy the Hooker residence on West Adams street, which is being put in order for her tenancy.

#### Entertainment for Invalids

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Smart Set magazine has been acquired by the publishers of Forest and Stream, by whom it will hereafter be handled.

#### AT THE PLAYHOUSES

Continued From Page 9

yawns are only too manifest. Not a glimmer of humor, not a spark of originality relieves the dull monotony of the bad quarter of an hour wasted on the sketch. Frank Wilson is a marvel in his bicycling balancing acts and well deserves the plaudits he elicits. Charles Olcott does as well as he can in the Gus Edwards' matinee girls' exhibit, but the only redeeming feature is Irene Martin's imitation of Laurette Taylor. The singing is dreary stuff. Pathe pictures and the excellent orchestra under the newly-married director, Mr. Frankenstein, add materially to the entertainment.

#### All Fun at Pantages

There is nothing at Pantages at all this week, excepting an alternation of fun and music, with dancing ad lib throughout the bill. The feature is the Stanley Seminary Girls, an aggregation of lively young women who please in every respect, from their appearance, for which they need not be praised, as it is a mere matter of accident, to their dancing, for which they deserve high encomiums, because it requires a good deal of work, and their comedy, for which they are entitled to still more credit because it is the hardest thing in the world for pretty girls to be funny, or rather to get people to stop admiring them long enough to realize that they can be comedians too. Herbert Terry helps them out in the latter respect. Miss Cahill, of Leroy and Cahill, carries off the honors of their patter and song act with a clever dance. Harry Antrim and Betty Vale, assisted by a strange piece of scenery, also patter and sing, but do not dance quite so well. "A Leap Year Leap" is a brisk bit of fun in sketch form. The Solis Four make good music on the mellow marimbaphone. James Brockman, in an imitation of an entire comic opera troupe, is one of the best of all the Pantages entertainers of the week. For the lower-priced vaudeville scale, Alexander Pantages is a genius in the quality of bills he offers, and his quality is surprisingly even, this week being a typically good one.

#### Detective Film at Mason

There is nothing in detective fiction that compares either in thrills or in romance with the adventures of Detective William J. Burns, pronounced by Conan Doyle "the greatest of living detectives." The best known of all his cases, recorded in secret service annals as "The Philadelphia-Lancaster Counterfeiting Mystery," has been produced in moving picture form, under the title of "The Five Million Dollar Counterfeiting Plot," by the Dramascope Company, of New York, and will be presented at the Mason again next week. Mr. Burns, in his desire to portray this case in the films accurately, supervised the production of this celebrated case, and personally appeared in nearly every foot of the film. As it is in five parts and constitutes nearly a two hour performance, Mr. Burns devoted four weeks of his time to it. "My reason for consenting to allow the Dramascope Company to produce my greatest case and for appearing in it myself, was to correct the popular notion of detective work and also to educate the public better in protective measures," says Mr. Burns. "A great many crimes could be prevented and could easily be detected if people knew that successful detective work is merely an application of common sense."

#### "Let's Get Married" Remains

"Let's Get Married," the lively new musical farce at the Morosco theater, is adding new friends with each performance. A number of minor changes

have been made, which have added to the speed and ease of the production. With its novel story, bright music, and lilting song numbers, star cast and beauty chorus and handsome scenery, "Let's Get Married" is proving popular. A third week of this production is announced. Heading the cast are Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence and Jess Dandy in character parts. Ursula March, Maude Beatty, Natalie de Lontan, Jack Pollard, Ralph Bell, Paddy McQuire, Frank Martin and others also are furnishing song, dance and entertainment.

#### New Burbank Offering

Beginning Sunday the Burbank will offer the four-act play by H. S. Sheldon, "He Fell in Love with His Wife," a romantic title that suggests the nature of the play. It has a rural atmosphere and should prove entertaining. Selma Paley will head the cast and Forrest Stanley, Walter Catlett, James K. Applebee, Thomas McLarnie, H. S. Duffield, William Colvin, Beatrice Nichols and Florence Oberle will have parts.

#### Arnold Daly at Orpheum

Arnold Daly, exponent of Shaw, actor, and general all around celebrity, is the topliner which the Orpheum offers for the week beginning Monday matinee. Daly has selected as vehicle "How He Lied to Her Husband," a deliciously satirical affair which George Bernard Shaw wrote for him, and in which he has played with immense success. The new bill surrounding Mr. Daly is of a lightsome character, with song and dance predominating. "Chuck" Reischer and Henrietta Gores, late of the Elsie Janis company, will appear in a bright skit, "It's Only a Show" where many stage fads and foibles are taken off. Rita Boland and Lou Holtz are billed to do song, dance and story, also, but of another type. Joseph Cole and Gertrude Denahy, San Francisco's "Castles" as they are known, are the best coast exponents of the modern dance. The Carlos, French acrobats, the last of the newcomers, will do their particular stunts in a setting called "The Artist's Dream." The holdovers include Francis McGinn & Co. in "The Cop," Waldamer Young, William Jacobs & Co., in the funny travesty, "When Caesar Ran a Paper," and Merrill & Otto in "Her Daddy's Friend."

#### State Novelty at Pantages

Patriotic novelty, distinctly California in all of its features, will be seen the coming week at Pantages. Every aspect of the act has been arranged to typify California, even the title of the act, "Sunkist." All participating in the act are native sons and daughters. "The Fair Co-eds" is the title of the headline feature offering a college act with Ethelyn Clark and Jean Wentz in the principal roles. "The Nancy Lee" has sailed her last voyage and in her place Kitner, Haynes and Montgomery bring a new act which they call "Swells at Sea." Kitty Montgomery is starred. Helenka Schiller and the Schiller string quintette have charge of the art section of the program. Billy Chase and Charlotte Latour offer comedy, song and dance. Heras and Preston, comedy acrobats contribute to the hilarity.

#### Social Drama at Miller's

"Clothes," the powerful social drama in which Grace George attained one of her greatest successes, is presented by the Famous Players in motion pictures at Miller's Theater for the week beginning Monday, and is enacted by Charlotte Ives and a notable cast of players including House Peters. "Clothes" is a drama with a purpose. Written by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock, it

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Coningsby Dawson's new novel, "The Raft," a romance of everyday life, is published by Henry Holt & Co.



# Music

By W. Francis Gates

**DIRECTOR** Tandler announces, tentatively, his program for the first symphony concert of the season, November 20 and 21 at Trinity Auditorium. It will include the First symphony of Tschaikowsky, the "Battle of Vittoria" by Beethoven—one of his rarely played works—and two tone pictures by Delius, an English composer until recently resident in Germany, titled "Hear the Cuckoo" and "Summer Night." This seems like a short array, but the length of the symphony will give ample extent

cal season which is prognosticated to be the most interesting in the history of the West. Los Angeles cannot afford to have her many thousand visitors this season go back to their eastern homes saying she does not support or appreciate so fine an organization as the orchestra under Mr. Tandler.

Last night at the Gamut Club there was scheduled a meeting of the local Music Teachers' Association, the first of the season just opening. It was expected that W. H. Lott, chairman

of the association are requested to remit the amount to Mrs. James W. Pierce, 925 South Hope street, at once, so the board of directors may know how much is at its disposal. Members who have not paid the \$1.00 assessment also will aid the board by paying this without delay. This board once more wishes to call the attention of members of the association to the fund being raised to free it from debt. There are many members who have not responded to previous appeals. Contribution large or small will be welcome from them."

To this may be added the fact that a number of the orchestra players who had bills against the association for playing in the final concerts of the People's Orchestra a year ago, which concerts were supposed to have the financial backing of the Teachers' Association, have written Mr. Spencer remitting such claim; others have remitted all save shipment of instrument or actual loss by other engagements missed. This is as it should be. It looked very bad for one body of musicians who were making money on a project to push to the wall another body of musicians who were aiming at public education and making no money. By donations of various claims and of cash, the amount necessary to meet the obligation is much reduced; and if those members of the association who have not done their part will see what light they are placing themselves in by their remissness, and do their share, the whole unfortunate episode may be wiped off the books.

Mme. Louise Rieger, who created such an excellent impression at the recent concert, opening the Trinity Auditorium, will make her home in Los Angeles. She is a native of Kansas City, and twice won a scholarship at the New York Conservatory of Music. She then went abroad and studied for four years on the continent under Matilda Marchesi, the famous teacher, and soon became the protegee of the great French composer, Massenet. The young soprano then joined the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London, where she is still remembered as a soloist with an exceptionally sympathetic interpretation. Later, she sang in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Upon returning to the United States last year, Mme. Rieger joined the Boston Grand Opera Company and re-signed a contract to appear in that city for the coming season. The outbreak of the European war, however, practically put an end to grand opera in the East. Meantime, Mme. Rieger had come to Los Angeles for recreation and, a short time ago, decided to build a home and remain here. Four of the world's famous tenors, whose acquaintance Mme. Rieger enjoyed on the continent, have lost their lives in the present war.

Several of the prominent musical instructors of Riverside have combined their forces in the formation of the Riverside School of Music, the faculty of which includes the following: Arthur L. Bostick, piano; Hazel Helm, piano; Laura Kennedy, piano; Z. Earl Meeker, singing; Madeline B. Childs, violin; Clara J. Beckwith, languages. The announcement of the school is a neat presentation of its aims and abilities and shows a spirit of cooperation and progress that should meet with the hearty approval and financial support of Riverside and surrounding territory.

Last Monday night at the Los Angeles Conservatory, Mozart building, South Grand Ave., Arthur Babcock gave a song recital. There were twenty numbers programmed. Mr.

(Continued on Page 15.)

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**DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR**  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
August 25, 1914.

Non-coal 06782  
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert H. Baller, of Rose Hill Station, Los Angeles, Cal., who, on July 6, 1909, made Homestead Entry, No. 06782, for E½ NE¼, Sec. 28, and E½ SE¼, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 9:00 a. m., on the 13th day of October, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Riley, of Sawtelle, California; Chauncey Hubble, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, California; Jacob Nathan, of Los Angeles, California.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.



MME. LOUISE RIEGER, PRIMA DONNA

to the concert. The orchestra again will have as its concert-masters Messrs. Beel and Schlievin and the most of the chairs will be filled as last season. However, the director says that when it is shown he can improve by putting in a new man he will do so; and he invites those who aspire to a place in this orchestra to call on him and demonstrate their title clear. He has other plans which are more radical and which when public announcement is permitted will show their worth. If ever there was a time when this orchestra should have strong financial support it is now, at the opening of a musi-

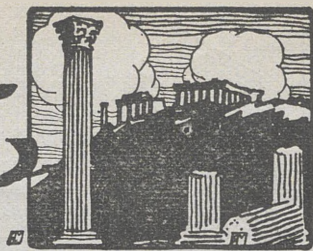
cal season which is prognosticated to be the most interesting in the history of the West. Los Angeles cannot afford to have her many thousand visitors this season go back to their eastern homes saying she does not support or appreciate so fine an organization as the orchestra under Mr. Tandler.

In this connection I quote a portion of a recent letter of Vernon Spencer, president of the association, to its members. Mr. Spencer writes: "All those who have contributed to the fund being raised to meet the asso-





# Art



## EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

California Art Club—Museum Art Gallery.  
Sharp Collection—Miniatures—Museum Art Gallery.  
Franz Bischoff—Friday Morning Club.  
Thumb Box Sketches—Royer Gallery.

By Everett C. Maxwell

Now that the Henri collection, which for the last two weeks has attracted throngs of artists, students and art lovers, to the gallery of fine arts at Agricultural Park, is an event of the past, I think no one will dispute my statement that no single exhibit in our local art history aroused so much interest or challenged so high a standard of critical comparison. Art classes from private and public schools have visited the gallery daily and have listened to instructive talks on the art of Robert Henri. Study clubs and special classes have found the Henri canvases of great educational value and lovers of art will remember this collection with delight, for many months to come.

Fifth annual exhibition of the California Art Club is now on public view at the museum art gallery where it may be seen every day including Sunday, until October 31. This is by far the most extensive showing the club has ever made and the general standard of work is unusually high. The jury met Saturday to select the works and the hanging was accomplished Monday. Tuesday was "press day," and Tuesday evening a reception and private view by invitation brought a thousand visitors to the gallery as guests of the club. The collection was formally opened to the public Wednesday for a four weeks' run. The jury of selection for this exhibition consisted of William Wendt, Jean Mannheim, Benj. C. Brown, Jack Smith, and Hanson Puttuff for paintings, and Julia Bracken Wendt for sculpture. A detailed review will appear later.

"One of our correspondents in our column of letters from the people suggests that this city have a day of art exhibits when everyone able to do so would buy a picture," observes the Times, editorially. "There are many who think that at least this city and county should combine in making a considerable purse to pay for the best painting submitted once each year. The prize picture would belong jointly to the city and county and would be placed in the art gallery of the museum building at Exposition Park. This building has been erected at an expense of \$150,000, yet so far only one picture is owned by the institution. Whatever else it has is borrowed and transient. If a start of the kind here suggested should once be made, no doubt the collection would grow through private subscriptions, donations, and gift pictures. The California Club began by setting aside a few thousand dollars each year to buy one picture. Members, artists, and friends soon began to bring their offerings, and it was not long before the club had more pictures than it could hang. Los Angeles does not do so much as it should in the line of beautifying itself. Nearly all other cities of its size and age have accomplished much more in this respect in both public and private way."

Many new canvases have been added to the already large collection of works by American and European painters at the gallery of fine arts. Among the notable canvases included in three recent loans, mention should be made of "Dans Les Sables Ile de Noir Mantiens, Bretagne," by M. J. Iwill, loaned by Paul M. Rattle; "Nutting," by Wm. Mouncey; "Gathering Clouds," by Benj. C. Brown; "Tea Time," by Wm. H. Cahil; "Blue Kimono," by John H. Rich; "African Sheep," by J. Gutzon Borglum; "In the Monastery" and "The Cavalier" by Fulton Brown, R. S. M. The Iwill canvas is one of special interest, typifying as it does the best school of French landscape painting. Charles L. Borgmeyer, writing of Iwill's art in the Fine Arts Journal states: "Selected for special mention by art critics of prominence on the opening of the 1875 salon, M. Iwill found himself and his first offering to the public famous. His reputation has grown with each succeeding year in his native country, France, in England, in Brazil, in Australia, in Morocco, and recently in America. His landscapes give an exquisite sense of nature at once delicate and full of force. As a painter of wind-blown skies, he is broad, fresh, and vigorous. His color is subdued in tone, pure and simple; his method and manner of expression is peculiarly personal; he sets down his impression with the brush of a poet; his breadth of treatment, sureness of execution, is marked by vigorous brush work and admirable coloring. There is always the charm of light, air, and color."

September number of International Studio opens with an article by C. Matlack Price on "Architecture and Imagination." This is followed by "Some Phases of Domestic Architecture in the Southwest." Reviews of the work of "The American Society of Miniature Painters," and "The Society of Mural Decorators and Painters in Tempera." L. Deubner discusses "Modern German Ceramic Art." Wm. Moore writes of "Some Younger Australian Artists," and George Brockner tells of "Some Open-Air Museums in Sweden and Denmark." Arthur Reddie reviews "Miss Willebeck F. Mairs Illustrations for Children's Books," W. G. Peckham contributes an article entitled "American Art at Sherherd's Bush," and Samuel Howe writes an appreciation of the "Emerson Statue by Daniel C. French." "Studio Talk," "Reviews," and "Notices" and "The Lay Figure" complete the contents.

First of the winter season of art exhibitions at the Friday Morning Club, under the auspices of the Art Committee, will be an individual showing of the late work of Franz Bischoff. Mr. Bischoff will occupy the gallery during the first two weeks in October.

Clara Louise Burnham's novel of the Maine Coast, "The Opened Shutters," has been made into a moving picture play.

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## New Cumnock Courses

Decidedly interesting new courses will be added to the curriculum of the Cumnock School of Expression when that institution opens next Tuesday for the year's work. Prominent among them will be one by Miss Willamene Wilkes in play production, which is unique in the United States. Miss Jane Farley is offering new courses, including a short one in story telling for mothers and teachers; and a course in applied pedagogics for teachers which will be a great aid to youthful or inexperienced instructors. Bruce O. Bliven, a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, will give instruction in journalism for women, and will also give a series of lectures on the theory of the drama, dealing with the relation of the dramatic impulse to the psychology of a primitive people. There will be many new features in the physical training at the school, Miss Margaret St. Clair having passed the summer in New York learning the steps of the newest ballroom dances, as well as lately developed tendencies in aesthetic dancing. Advance registration at the school indicates that the classes this year will be larger than last, in spite of the so-called "business depression."

## New York Play Gossip

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—"Pretty Mrs. Smith" has arrived under the arm of Oliver Morosco, with Fritz Scheff in the title part. She has Charlotte Greenwood, Sidney Grant, Claude Fleming, Theodore Babcock and a host of others. There is more acting than singing in the play, and Miss Scheff is a better singer than actress. It did not score a bull's-eye of success, but is promising. Second week.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell's comedy, "A Modern Girl," seems still to defy the critics and is now in its third week. New York always approaches with suspicion anything Chicago likes, so this may account for the attitude of the self-constituted arbiters.

This week William Faversham introduces a new French actress as co-star with himself in "The Hawk," and George Broadhurst brings a new play to town with Julia Dean, which he has called "The Law of the Land." Miss Dean has the companionship of Ethel Wright, the only other woman in the cast, and a host of capable actors. Ruth Chatterton presents herself with the able assistance of Henry Miller in "Daddy Longlegs," and the Shuberts bring a new play, called "Consequences," which has already won signal success abroad.

Recent productions all seem to be doing fairly well—"The Miracle Man," "What Is Love?" "Pretty Mrs. Smith," "Tipping the Winner," all have claims to popularity, some greater than others.

"The Elder Son" is a William A. Brady importation as to play and players, but one wonders why. It is a poorly constructed play, with an interesting theme barely touched by the author. Lumsden Hare, Norman Trevor and Irby Marshall give notably good performance. Its third week is now on.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of The Los Angeles Graphic, published weekly at Los Angeles, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, Samuel Travers Clover, 114 E. Fourth St.; Managing Editor, Samuel Travers Clover, Los Angeles; Business Manager, Randolph Bartlett, Los Angeles; Publisher, Samuel T. Clover.

Owner, Samuel Travers Clover. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,  
Sept. 4, 1914.

Non-Coal 013605  
NOTICE is hereby given that Hippolyte Bieule, of Santa Monica, California, who, on July 18, 1911, made additional homestead entry, to H. E. 8643, No. 013605, for Lot 1, Section 27, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 22nd day of October, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geose Alvaras, of Santa Monica, Calif.; Stephen W. Chick, of 2170 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.; Harry O. Wilmington, of 1507 McCollum St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Lusetta Schueren, of 6119 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.  
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

## PUBLIC LAND SALE

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
August 24th, 1914.

Non-coal 016965  
NOTICE is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), pursuant to the application of Charley Merit Decker, Serial No. 016965, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.50 per acre, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 14th day of October, at this office, the following tract of land: the SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 20, T. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.  
ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.



# Books

IT companion to his work on Indian basketry is George Wharton James' "Indian Blankets and Their Makers," profusely illustrated, including many full-page colored plates of rare bayeta blankets from choice collections. In California there are few homes that do not have at least one blanket of the native American make, ranging from the old-style blanket of close, heavy weave to the softer and more modern designs. Of course, the commercialized, Germantown yarn article is to be found everywhere, but this reviewer ventures to say that in Los Angeles and Pasadena are more of the old weaves, with the native dyes, finely spun and closely-woven native wool than a dozen communities elsewhere of similar size can boast. Mr. A. C. Vroman's collection, for instance, contains examples of fine bayetas—or did until he sold a score or more to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History in New York—of unusual design and weaving. Than the one pictured by Mr. Wharton facing page 35 (No. 13), this writer has seen nothing in color effects more exquisite. The main body of the blanket is in the shade known as old rose, the steps of the border are in black and white. The Metropolitan Museum in New York is in luck to have been able to lure this treasure from Pasadena. In his chambers on Colorado avenue, however, Mr. Vroman still retains a dozen or more of blankets that make connoisseurs envious, besides several score of finely-spun Chimayos and Navajos of lesser value but remarkably fine specimens. One beautiful blanket that he has retained, a reproduction of which faces page 36, has a background of white, with stripes and connected diamonds in red and deep blue, with a little rich old-gold-green at intervals. It is one of the most delicately-conceived blankets this reviewer has ever come across. His own ten or twelve specimens, good as they are, and, in instances, rare, the Maya chief's for example, appear clumsy, beside so exquisite a creation.

Mr. James' own collection contains numerous fine specimens. Many a good story is told by collectors of the odd manner in which they have discovered rare blankets and carried them off to civilization. An incident that is typical is related by the author. He shows, (Figure 4), facing page 6, a blanket 30x48 inches in red and blue and white. The red has toned down to a soft and delightful shade of plum red, he explains, that is alluring and restful to the eye. This is how it came into his possession: On an exploring trip in New Mexico he sought refuge from the rain and cold in an old Mexican jacal. In the morning he visited the wet and filthy corral to harness his horses. Kicking about in the dirt, with many layers of horse sweat and corral muck disfiguring it, was what he supposed to be a gunny sack. Picking it up to handle the wagon nut, as he greased the axle of his buggy, to his surprise he found it was a saddle blanket. With the instinct of the collector he asked the old man if it could be bought. He laughed, pronounced it worthless after half a century's use and let it go for fifty cents. Mr. James tossed it under the seat and drove off. Several weeks later, having

arrived home, he subjected his find to treatment, beginning with amole suds of successive waters, scrubbing, working and rinsing over and over again until from the final cleaning there emerged one of the most exquisite specimens of the bayeta art imaginable, worth several hundred dollars.

Mr. Vroman can tell similar stories and the late Frank Sauerwein, the artist, whose collection of blankets was a joy, was wont to regale his friends with the unusual experiences he encountered in amassing his collection. Doubtless, Fred Harvey, who has many rarely beautiful blankets in his possession has acquired not a few of them in the manner dear to the heart of the collector. Mr. Walter C. Wyman, a collector now living in New York, used to tell, with tears in his eyes, how he carried off an old-weave blanket from a Navajo hogan in Northern Arizona by making love to the chief's daughter, who was herding sheep. It took him four days to win the old man's consent, aided by the daughter's arguments—so he says. The present writer, who was with him on that occasion, will ever believe that the girl purloined the blanket and passed it over to the white man. Walter always was irresistible.

It is an exhaustive treatise on the Indian blanket that Mr. James has produced and after thirty years of experiences with the Navajo or "Navaho" as he prefers—following Father Berard and Dr. Washington Matthews—his conclusions may be accepted, in the main, with a fair degree of confidence, although it is suspected that Dr. Charles F. Lummis, whose blanket collection is of the finest, will take issue with Prof. James on the spelling of "Navaho" and "bayeta." Dr. Lummis favors "Navajo" (so also does this reviewer) and "balleta." He avers that it is the raveling of a fine, Turkish woolen cloth respun by the Indians; he also calls it vayeta, the softened Spanish "b." Mr. James contends that bayeta is simply the Spanish for baize, a kind of flannel with a nap on one side. He asserts that another authority than Dr. Lummis finds its origin in Spain and that it was sold in Mexico as Spanish flannel, and by the Mexicans traded to the Indians. In the presence of such experts the reviewer is dumb. That green baize is an excellent water-shedder is unquestionably true. For several centuries England has been manufacturing baizes, shipping them to Spain, Mexico and South America. Possibly, this is how the bayeta of the Indians was derived. That the Navajos inherited their taste for weaving from the Athabascans, of which tribe they are descendants, as well as their knowledge of weaving is probably true, but proximity to the Pueblo Indians is responsible for the vast improvement in the Navajo woman's art over the primitive work. Mr. James traces the history of blanket weaving from its birth and in twenty-two chapters deals with the various problems that continually perplex the amateur, having a penchant for the native weaves. If one does not agree with the author at all points, there is so much that Mr. James has made clear, so many vexed questions settled, that he is entitled to the highest praise for his painstaking and informative work.



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S. T. C.

#### Attractive Books for Children

For children not yet in school, but beginning to be curious as to printed words, Little Brown & Co. offer an attractive little book called "Behind the Glass Window," an insignificant title except as it expresses a universal situation. All eager little minds want to read and Louise Robinson has put into short sentences, and simple words, little stories of balls, dolls, dogs, cats and toys that children can learn to read. For little older children or for grown-ups to read to children, is "Pretty Polly Flinders," published by the same company. It answers some of the "wonders" aroused in children's minds by the dear old tales. Did the Three Bears lock their door after Silver Locks at their porridge? Did the Three Kittens find their mittens? and Who Lived in the House that Jack Built? Mary Frances Blaisdell has gone on with these old stories, taking the well known characters and solving some of their mythical problems. Printed plainly on good paper, illustrated in color by Eugene Wiseman, these little books ought to find a large and eager audience. ("Behind the Window Glass," by Louise Robinson, "Pretty Polly Flinders," by Mary F. Blaisdell. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

#### Indian Scout Talks

"To be in harmony with nature, one must be true in thought, free in action and clean in body, mind and spirit. This is the solid granite foundation of character." This may be a forbidding sentence to the boy whose taste is fed by popular magazines, but coming from the pen of Dr. Charles A. Eastman—Ohiyesa, in the Sioux tongue—a member himself of that valiant tribe, the words have arresting weight. "Indian Scout Talks" is first hand knowledge on the sub-

jects best known to an Indian boy, up to sixteen years of age. The book is dedicated to the "Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls of America." It is all about trails, animal tracks, shelters, Indian sports and the significance of Indian dress and ceremonies. This ought to make the red man a little better understood and also excite a better love of out of doors in city boys who know so little of nature craft. ("Indian Scout Talks," By Charles A. Eastman. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

#### In the October Magazines

This is the month the Yale Review appears, whereat many give thanks. The issue features two unpublished poems by Robert Browning, one a sonnet on "The 'Moses' of Michael Angelo" and the other "On Being Defied to Express in Hexameter: 'You Ought to Sit on the Safety-Valve.'" Bliss Perry elaborates his former article on "The American Reviewer," but overlooks the principal difficulty, which is that few newspaper publishers nowadays regard literary criticism as a function of their output worthy of serious consideration, and refuse to pay the price necessary to get serious and valuable results. President Taft contributes an article on "The Powers of the President," showing that excepting socially, the American executive rules to a greater degree than the majority of the European rulers, by virtue of his position as representative of the entire people. John Burroughs writes of "Life as the Scientist Sees It." George McAney, president of the Borough of Manhattan, gives his views on "Municipal Citizenship." These are the big names found in the magazine this month, but this does not complete the array of valuable matter, which embraces poetry, economics, pedagogy, psychology, international affairs and real book reviews.

At last Theodore Roosevelt gives the world the entire story of the much debated River of Doubt, in this month's Scribner's. This is next to the last of his accounts of his adven-



tures in the Brazilian wilderness. His river certainly is entitled to be discovered, for, apparently, it is a stream with a personality, though not entirely a lovable one. Sir Henry Norman, M. P., gives the British view of the European conflict, remarking significantly: "And it will not be the map alone that will be altered. The people will make many a new demand of their rulers and governors. In England, for instance, men will remember that the government in a week took over the control of the railways, established a national sea insurance, fixed the price of food, raised a hundred millions sterling, and dropped the disputes of party politics; and they will ask why, if these things can be done in time of war, they cannot be done, for ends at least as good, in times of peace." There is a "Desert Song" by John Galsworthy from which it appears the English dramatist has been hitherto, at least as far as Santa Fe. Price Collier, the keen observer, writes of Norway and its people. There are good photographs of the American fleet in maneuvers, interesting in these days of stress, and various fiction and poetry features.

#### Notes From Bookland

Ronald MacDonald, author of "Lanchester of Brazenose," whose latest novel, "Gambier's Advocate," has just appeared, is the grandson of George MacDonald, famous for his fairy stories "The Princess and the Goblin," "The Princess and Curdie," etc., and the nephew of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling. Stephen Gambier, a lawyer, is helped in his political career by a beautiful woman. She meets a tragic death and he is accused of killing her. The girl to whom he is engaged finds the real criminal with great ingenuity, and clears Stephen's name.

"Bahaim: The Modern Social Religion," by Horace Holley, which Mitchell Kennerley will have ready this week, deals with Bahaim, both historically and with regard to its modern social import.

"The Sailor in Sailortown" will be the title of a book by George McPherson Hunter dealing with the social life of the seaman and studying his needs and portraying him from the humanitarian, sociological, and missionary points of view. The author has been Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York.

Franklin Kent Gifford, author of "The Democratic Rhine-Maid," declares that "the great novels and the great dramas are all great sermons," and that "Shakespeare really beats the world at preaching." "The better the novel," he says, "the better it preaches."

William English Walling, author of "Socialism As It Is" and "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," declares that "The majority of Socialists expect that the war will result in a tremendous increase of Socialism."

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" has achieved a fourth printing of 10,000 copies.

Justin Huntly McCarthy believes that "the essential elements of the romantic story are as true today as they were in the France of Louis XI, or the Sicily of the Proud Prince."

Bobbs-Merrill Company announces Earl Derr Bigger's story of the man who insured himself against Cupid, entitled "Love Insurance."

One travel book which should have peculiar interest of several kinds for American readers is Stephen Graham's "With Poor Immigrants to America," which the Macmillan Company has just issued. It describes the author's own experiences and observation while traveling with a band of immigrants.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS (Continued from Page 12.)

Babcock was neutral, as behooves a peaceful subject of President Wilson, and gave fair representation to English, French and German songs—Russian and Servian being omitted, however. Mr. Babcock's skill in the French and German is no less than in the English and his recital was an appropriate artistic opening for the series promised by this school, the next of which is dated for October 26, being by the Fuhrer-Zielinski trio, with Miss Ciesielska in vocal numbers. It may be added that Mr. Babcock introduced a new song by Frank H. Colby, "On the Sea of Dreams," which by the way, was dedicated to the singer, a song bound to be popular with concert singers.

Haydn male quartet has reorganized with the following membership: Arthur Stinton, John Stockman, Percy Buddington and Joseph Porter.

When Olive Fremstad, the distinguished Swedish-American soprano steps on to the stage of Trinity Auditorium, Tuesday evening October 20, to make her initial bow to the Los Angeles public in concert, she will at once formally open this splendid auditorium's season of music and usher in the local music season.

Europe's great war has called to the standards of the various countries many artists who have been prominent in American operatic productions, and in consequence grand opera will suffer severely this season. But grand opera will continue on Victor Records and be enjoyed at will in every home where there is a Victor or Victrola. The new list of Victor Records for October just received by the Southern California Music Co., the largest Victor dealers in Southern California, contains numbers by Caruso, Ruffo, and Martinelli, and among the instrumentalists that celebrated violinist, Fritz Kreisler, who served as an Austrian army officer and is reported so badly wounded he may never play again.

Caruso's number is one of those charming songs which the great tenor renders as beautifully as any operatic arias. It is the "Spanish Serenade" of Landon Ronald and is most delightfully given. Ruffo sings magnificently a famous Verdi air from the almost forgotten opera of Nabucco; and Giovanni Martinelli contributes the breezy "La Donna e Mobile," from Rigoletto in fascinating style. Fritz Kreisler presents an exquisite violin solo of Haydn's great Austrian hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor."

Johanna Gadski gives an impassioned rendition of a great aria from Oberon, Weber's last work. The dazzling "Ah, fors' e lui," from Traviata is sung by Frieda Hempel with a purity and mellowness of voice that is truly brilliant. Tetravini is heard in a dramatic rendition of the famous "Mercy, Oh, My Lord!" from Forza del Destino, one of the most powerful numbers in Verdi's gloomy work. Emmy Destinn sings the lovely "Elizabeth's Prayer," from Tannhauser with rare charm.

Dates for the events of the three Philharmonic courses as now arranged are as follows: Olive Fremstad, about October 20; Rudolf Ganz, November 17; Arrigo Serato, December 8; Jaques Thibaud, January 19; John McCormack, January 5; Alma Gluck, March 2; the Barriere Company, April 20—Tuesdays evenings. For the second course Marcella Craft, November 12; Leo Slezak, January 28; Efram Zimbalist, February 4; Lhevinne, February 11; Tina Lerner, December 17; Maggie Teyte, March 11; Julie Culp, April 8—Thursday

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evenings. The matinee course is dated Evan Williams, November 28; John McCormack, January 9; Josef Lhevinne, February 13; Charles W. Cadman, February 27; Alma Gluck and Zimbalist, March 6; Julie Culp, April 10; the Barriere Company, April 24.—Saturday afternoons.

Agnes Woodward and her star pupil, Margaret McKee made a great success in their whistling performances at the New York Chautauqua and reports show that these California birds charmed all with their unusual powers in this musical novelty.

Marcel Meier is to be the concert master of the Lebegott Orchestra which is to begin popular concerts at the Temple Auditorium this month. The second concert master is Edmund Corradi, formerly of the Century opera company, New York. Mr. Lebegott has excellent plans for his orchestra and chorus and if they are fulfilled, together with his hopes for large audiences, many congratulations will be his. Knowing what he can do with an orchestra gives one the right to prognosticate its artistic success. But his soloists must be selected with more care than formerly, if they are to prove drawing cards. While there were many in the former series who were a delight to hear, there were others who aspired too high for their powers.

Arthur M. Perry made his first appearance in connection with the U. S. C. College of Music, at a musicale given by that institution at Symphony Hall last Thursday afternoon. He showed that his old time skill has not been lost in his eight years of absence from Los Angeles. The remainder of the program, was furnished by advanced pupils of the school.

Bessie Chapin's trio is planning a series of morning musicales. She is billed for a recital at Hemet, October 6.

Manager Behymer reports the situation that choral organizations and

orchestras in the West, show a much healthier prospect than in the past, either in anticipation of the visitors to the expositions, or a healthy impetus in the interest in music. Eastern managers have assisted somewhat in regulating the Coast situation. Instead of overloading their Western representatives they have allowed the latter practically to dictate the wants of the local field, in place of introducing so many artists through the section that the result would be unsatisfying. Practically, every artist represented will have as many concerts as he or she can conveniently give in the allotted time for the Coast tournee. Almost all artists engaged are either now in this country or located abroad ready and able to come at the appointed time, which has given confidence to the contracting parties of such artists.

On the tour of the National Grand Opera Company's four weeks' season in Los Angeles, beginning January 11, 1915, at Temple Auditorium, it is announced twenty operas will be presented, seven of which have never been produced in Los Angeles, namely "Christoforo Colombo," in which Giraltoni will appear in the role created by him; "Romeo and Juliet"; "Werther"; "Linda di Chaminox"; "Ruy Blas"; "Navarrese," and "Lombardi." The others are: "Thais"; "Lohengrin"; "La Boheme"; "Tales of Hoffman"; "Traviata"; "Rigoletto"; "Trovatore"; "Lucia"; "Cavalleria"; "Pagliacci"; "Carmen"; "Faust," and "Tosca." Several of these will be sung in English as well as in Italian, it is promised.

John Lane Company will publish a quarterly magazine in New York and London which will be the organ of the Vorticists, who parallel the Cubists in English art. It is called "Blas" and its first issue has just appeared.

Harpers will publish this month "How It Happened," a Christmassy story by Kate Langley Bosher, and Margaret Deland's "The Hands of Esau," in holiday form.



# Stocks & Bonds

ALTHOUGH the process of readjustment has continued unabated in the country at large, the week again has been unmarked by any remarkable development in the financial world. The coming of October 1, a milestone in the progress of the commercial year, has furnished opportunity for a retrospection of the nine months already passed in troublous 1914. In the local field it must be said that a highly satisfactory state of affairs has prevailed in the monetary and business world, despite the adverse happenings in foreign politics, and the international complications which have been the result. Bank exchanges and resources bear testimony to a sound and healthy state of affairs, while bountiful crops promise an excellent fall season.

Bank clearings for the first nine months of the year aggregated \$880,000,000. The total could hardly be expected to equal that of last year for the same period, but it is not far behind. A few months of brisk business would place 1914 well in the lead. Deposits are holding up well in the banks of the city at about \$170,000,000, while total resources are estimated to exceed \$200,000,000. These figures give strong cause for the optimistic feeling which generally prevails.

Hopes for the early reopening of stock exchanges have been revived. It is even predicted that the New York market will begin business in the course of a month or so. The reopening of exchanges in other cities is largely dependent on the resumption of business at the great center of financial activities.

As usual, the San Francisco oil stock market was a lifeless affair. Not a sale was reported, and the quotations are probably of only an arbitrary character. Among the latest are Associated Oil, \$34.50 bid; National Pacific, 1 cent bid; Union, \$50 asked.

Oil companies of the state will distribute profits to the extent of about \$1,000,000 this month. The disbursement of \$600,000 by the Associated is what is chiefly responsible for the large total. Several quarterly dividends are also due. Banks here will pay out to their stockholders about \$500,000. Retrenchment preparatory to these payments has been evident in the bank clearings the current week, but the release of the funds always causes a temporary improvement.

In the east an announcement regarding the \$100,000,000 gold pool to relieve the foreign exchange situation has been daily expected. As soon as this pool is satisfactorily arranged, the financial situation in New York will be greatly improved. The next problem to receive attention will be the paralyzation of the cotton industry. Among the favorable happenings of the past week from a financial standpoint were the increase in passenger rates allowed eastern roads, and the gain in exports from New York.

## Banks and Banking

Retardation of commercial business and the complete suspension of activity in stock speculation resulting

from the European conflict have had the effect of reducing bank deposits the country over, judging from the returns of the larger national banks to the comptroller of the currency, showing their condition at the close of business September 12. Not only has the pressure on the banks for accommodation been relaxed in consequence of this state of affairs, but the depletion of their gold reserves on account of the exports of the metal since the outbreak of the crisis has forced them to limit their extension of loans still further and to suffer a resulting loss in their deposit accounts. According to the reports of the national banks to hand forty-three had each gross deposits in excess of \$25,000,000 September 12, as against forty-nine at the last previous call June 30. In this number there were fifteen New York City institutions, as compared with seventeen at the earlier date, and four Chicago, three St. Louis, five Philadelphia and three Boston banks. Thirty of the banks reported decreases in their deposits, while thirteen showed increases. The heaviest losses were suffered by the New York City banks. Of the fewer instances of increases in gross deposits, the Southwestern Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., reported a gain of \$3,980,000; the Chemical of New York, \$3,328,000; Wells Fargo Nevada of San Francisco, \$3,107,000 and the First National of St. Paul, \$2,345,000.

This week the sixty-day notices of withdrawals, insisted upon by New York savings banks in August, became effective. Officers of a number of the New York institutions state in discussing the prospect of withdrawals, that the notices received by them amounted to about 1 per cent. of deposits. In the case of one bank with deposits of \$50,000,000 the notices of withdrawals amount to \$500,000 and this proportion is maintained in statements made by officials of a number of other savings institutions. It is not supposed, however, that more than a small part of the withdrawal notices will be put into effect.

## Interesting Volume Coming

Stewart & Kidd promise a volume soon, of especial interest to students of drama. It is "Four Plays," translated by Barrett H. Clark. They are "The Fossils," by Francois de Curel; "The Serenade," a Bourgeois study by Jean Jullien; "Francoise's Luck," a comedy by Georges de Porto-Riche; "The Dupe," a comedy by Georges Ancey. There will also be a preface by Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods," and a sonnet to Antoine by Edmund Rostand. The plays have been produced at the "Free Theater" in Paris by Antoine. The Free Theater was to the French Drama of the last quarter century what the Reformation was to Christianity; Andre Antoine was its Martin Luther. Like Luther, this energetic Frenchman did not originate or invent his revolution, he merely happened to live at a time when revolt was in the air; both brought to a head a number of symptoms and eventually formulated the ideas of their time and fixed for future generations those ideas which each had found and developed.

## Week's News in Perspective

Friday, September 25

WAR NEWS: General Von Kluck, commanding the German right wing, assumes a vigorous offensive and forces the allies back, being reinforced with 200,000 men from the center for the purpose \* \* \* Germans continue depredations upon British shipping, but details are kept secret.

GENERAL: Carranza forces under General Hill defeated in Sonora by Villa adherents under Maytorena, 78 killed and 100 taken prisoner \* \* \* Duke of Manchester wanted in New York for passing worthless checks \* \* \* Peace treaties with Great Britain, France and Spain ratified by the senate \* \* \* War revenue bill passes the house.

HEREABOUTS: Lima bean crop estimated at \$5,000,000 \* \* \* Open cut through Bunker Hill gains supporters as substitute for tunnel proposition.

Saturday, September 26

WAR NEWS: Germans make fierce assault on allies all along the Meuse and capture a French fort \* \* \* Verdun is bombarded but holds out \* \* \* Russians move on Cracow \* \* \* Cholera breaks out in Vienna war hospital.

GENERAL: Carranza sends General Trevino to intercept a possible advance of Villa upon the capital of Mexico \* \* \* New York gold loan is oversubscribed \* \* \* Filipino independence is discussed in congress.

HEREABOUTS: Society fete for French Red Cross fund is well attended \* \* \* Thirty-two transfers ordered in shake-up of fire department \* \* \* Plans for mammoth flower show next year, to be largest world ever has known, are begun.

Sunday, September 27

WAR NEWS: Zeppelins raid Paris and several Belgian cities, killing many noncombatants with bombs \* \* \* Kaiser reported ill from inflammation of lungs as result of falling into trench full of water \* \* \* Allies begin desperate attack on Von Kluck's army \* \* \* Situation still unchanged in the center and the Vosges \* \* \* Roumania reported to be sending army corps to Austrian frontier.

GENERAL: Villa declares that his only peace terms are the absolute retirement of Carranza \* \* \* Mrs. Frank Leslie leaves \$1,800,000 to suffrage cause.

HEREABOUTS: Capt. John D. Fredericks leaves for a new tour of the north in his campaign for governor \* \* \* Third Street tunnel is said to be moving north because of unequal distribution of weight.

Monday, September 28

WAR NEWS: Allies' turning movement against Von Kluck keeps up persistently \* \* \* Seventeen days' battle believed to be near its crisis \* \* \* Russians reported making gradual though slow movement against Germans in east.

GENERAL: Democrats in New York state nominate Glynn for governor, Republicans Whitman and Progressives F. N. Davenport, side-tracking Sulzer \* \* \* Snow in Quebec.

HEREABOUTS: Order cutting post office force by twenty employees is rescinded owing to increase in business \* \* \* L. J. C. Spruance dies in Chicago \* \* \* One thousand home-seekers arrive \* \* \* California barley crop, largest of any state, 44,000,000 bushels.

Tuesday, September 29

WAR NEWS: Inofficial reports are that Von Kluck's army is in flight, and has offered to surrender if permitted to return to Germany on an undertaking not to reengage in war \* \* \* Germans begin attack of Antwerp \* \* \* Italian ambassador to United States says position of Italy will be one of absolute neutrality \* \* \* Japanese success against Germans in China is reported.

GENERAL: Owing to danger of international complications, it is understood proposal of government to purchase foreign-owned ships to establish merchant marine, will be dropped for the present \* \* \* Carranza and Villa may hold conference to adjust differences \* \* \* Wealthy men of Wall Street organize relief committee to take care of clerks thrown out of work by closing of exchanges \* \* \* Boston Braves cinch the American League pennant.

HEREABOUTS: Railways report that payrolls will be reduced \$1,500,000 unless they are allowed to reduce their terminal rates to standard of the steamship companies using the canal \* \* \* Building ordinance revision committee hears argument in favor of smoke-proof towers and other improvements \* \* \* Eighteen steamers arrive in harbor in one day, making a new record.

Wednesday, September 30

WAR NEWS: Allies gradually moving northward, forcing the Germans out of France, especially in the north \* \* \* Little progress made in the center and French make advances in the Vosges \* \* \* Vienna and Petrograd vie with each other in reporting victories, so that condition in the east is absolutely a mystery to the world \* \* \* Heavy artillery used against Antwerp.

GENERAL: Judge Bledsoe of San Bernardino appointed to vacancy in federal court here \* \* \* Calderon may be choice of Mexican generals to succeed Carranza, who, it is generally believed, must quit.

HEREABOUTS: Shriners welcome Imperial Potentate Smith of Rochester, and his suite \* \* \* Government reports show last winter was the warmest and last summer the coolest ever known here.

Thursday, October 1

WAR NEWS: Antwerp outskirts in flames from German bombardment \* \* \* King Albert is personally in command and has issued the order, "Never surrender." \* \* \* Allies make general progress, but gain no important ground \* \* \* Germans forced back by Japanese at Tsing Tao.

GENERAL: Pugilist is killed in a bout in San Francisco \* \* \* Tax of 25 cents per horse power substituted for gasoline levy in war revenue measure at Washington \* \* \* Agreement for armistice in Mexico is reported.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,  
Sept. 4, 1914.

Non-Coal 012728  
NOTICE is hereby given that Richard B. Carter, of Cornell, California, who, on April 7, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 012728, for Lot 1, Sec. 3, Lot 4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and Lot 7, Sec. 35, T. 1 N., R. 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 16th day of October, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank T. Davis, Nathan Wise, Frank Mueller, Ida Carter, all of Cornell, California; Jack Tweedy, of Calabasas, California.  
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